

# **A Diverted Inheritance**

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# A Diverted Inheritance

by

JEANNETTE GARR WASHBURN KELSEY  
SINCLAIR FAMILY

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TO THE MEMORY OF  
JAMES SINCLAIR

THIRD SON OF  
WILLIAM, TENTH EARL OF CAITHNESS

THIS STORY, FOUNDED UPON FACT,  
IS DEDICATED BY HIS  
GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER

JEANNETTE GARR WASHBURN KELSEY







FAC-SIMILE OF THE SEAL OF  
JAMES SINCLAIR.

# A DIVERTED INHERITANCE

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## CHAPTER I.

THE month of June in the north of Scotland. The year 1775. In Odrig Parish Church a little company had assembled for the baptism of the minister's child. It was the grandmother who held the baby, the father standing near, while at either side were the witnesses.

The name was given, the blessing pronounced and the party retired to the vestry, where the child was entered in the Register as

"James, lawful son of the Rev'd Alex. Smith, minister of the Parish, and Elizabeth Sinclair, his spouse, born 23d June, 1775, and baptized by Rev'd Alex. Brodie, minister at Denino Fife.

"The witnesses, Mr. James Sinclair (son to Lord Caithness) and Miss Murray of Castle Hill."

"You must come back to the manse to drink the child's health," said Dr. Smith, and the party crossed the street to where the small grey stone house stood in its modest garden. The walls were overgrown with ivy, and a few early roses showed color in their opening buds, while the narrow path that led from the gate to the doorway had trim beds either side, in which were a few hardy plants, which as yet showed small sign of blossoming.

Everyone went into the little parlor, where, in the open fireplace, was a cheery blaze; for, in spite of its being the month of June, the weather was still cool in that part of the country. On the table, old Grizzel, the maid-of-all-work, had set forth the christening cake, of which she was reasonably proud; and there was a decanter filled with port from the Castle cellars, besides Scotch whiskey, and glasses clustered about.

The grandmother went above stairs to see the child's mother, who was not as strong as could be wished, and she carried the baby with her.

"Sit down till mother comes back," said the minister. "She is feeling anxious, but I hardly think there is cause. Yet," he added, half apologetically, "it is the first grandchild, and, while it brings joy, it is natural that there should also be anxiety.

Come near the fire, Dr. Brodie; it was chilly in the church, and we must not have you taking cold as the result of your good offices."

"Mary, my lass," he added, turning to the fresh-faced, gentle-looking girl, who stood in a sort of embarrassed silence beside the fire, "do not stand," and, drawing a chair towards the fender, he gently put his hand on her shoulder, urging her to be seated, while, turning to Mr. Sinclair, he said:

"It is a great kindness you have done us to-day, Mr. Sinclair, and an honor that we shall not forget."

"It has been a pleasure to me," Mr. Sinclair answered. "I am only too glad that I could do so small a service in token of the gratitude I owe to you and yours. I cannot remember the time when you have not been here;" he continued, "the kindest of counselors and friends."

"Thank you, Jamie," answered the minister. "I feel that I may still call you by the familiar name. I have watched you grow from infancy to manhood, and it has always been a bright day for the manse when you have entered its doors."

"The days when I have been here have been happy ones indeed," Mr. Sinclair replied, "and now that I am to leave home and hardly likely to see the place again for a long time, the hours that I have spent here seem even happier in retrospect."

The girl in the chair by the fireside turned pale as he spoke; she shaded her face with her hand as if to keep off the heat; her heart beat quickly as she heard him say "Now that I am going away," and yet she knew that it was foolishness—the little romance she was cherishing. She had seen the Hon. James Sinclair many times—at church, or riding along the hillside from Thurso to Castletown. He had nodded to her—once he had even got off his horse, and walked beside her for nearly a mile, when he was passing on the road to the Castle; and now he had stood with her as one of the witnesses to the baptism of the minister's child. Of course, she knew there was nothing to come from it—nothing could come from it. He was the son, albeit the younger son, of a noble family, and she the friend of the minister's wife, the daughter of humble parents. Oh! she knew, and yet her heart would beat faster — and he — was going — away —.

There was the sound of footsteps, and Mrs. Smith came in, looking very contented. "I have left the child with Elizabeth," she said. "She seems to feel stronger, she sends you her regards, Dr. Brodie, and you, Mr. Sinclair, she thanks for your kindness in standing witness for the child, and she—we all—wish that you may some time be as happy as we are this day."

Mary Murray and Dr. Brodie had both risen as Mrs. Smith came into the room.

"We thank Mary Murray also," she continued, "she at least will be near us hereafter, as she has been before."

And Mary, smiling and blushing, returned, "Indeed I hope so, Mrs. Smith. I could never be happy away from Castlehill."

The minister went to the table, and beckoning Grizzel to come forward, poured wine into the glasses, reserving one, however, as he said, "Dr. Brodie, you, I know, prefer the whiskey."

"You are right, sir. Port is very good in its way, but ever since I tasted the whiskey brought to Auchencairn by old John McDougall from the Isle of Man—you remember the time, when you and I were tramping through Gallowayshire so many years ago—I have felt that that was the only drink for a strong man."

"I remember McDougall's whiskey," the parson returned, "and though this has not the merit of having been smuggled to the Isle of Man by moonshiners, like that bought of them by our old acquaintance, I think you will find it above the average."

"Grizzel, hand the glasses," he added, and Mrs. Smith, cutting the cake, offered it to every one, saying, "Grizzel made it from the receipt she got long ago from the Castle—from Mrs. Graham. It has been used at christenings for many a long year—indeed, Mr. Sinclair, it was from the same receipt that the cake was made for your own christening, I am told."

Grizzel, who stood looking on smilingly, as was her wont when spoken of and praised, was even more pleased when the minister said:

"And you, too, Grizzel, must join us in drinking health and long life to the child up-stairs." She curtsied, and all drank together, each eating a generous slice of cake, which everyone praised, Mr. Sinclair even assuring Grizzel that he should have

recognized it anywhere as being the very double of that eaten in his honor many years before.

"It is getting late, Dr. Smith. I am sorry to leave so soon, but it is a longish walk to Ratter and I thought I would take it on foot to-day. I shall hope to see you again before leaving for Aberdeen, but in case I do not ——"

"Oh, don't speak of such a possibility," put in Mrs. Smith.

"Well, let us hope I shall see you again; yet, in case I do not, I must wish all good luck and happiness to those from whom I am parting this afternoon."

"And a speedy and joyous return, Jamie," Mr. Smith added as, having shaken hands with all in the room, including Grizzel, and sending his remembrances to Mrs. Smith, James Sinclair left the hospitable manse and turned his footsteps in the direction of Rattar.

As he came out of the street leading from the manse into the path which stretched away over the hills, he saw the figure of a man standing in the shadow of a building, and recognizing in the broad shoulders and cropped hair, one of the village lads whom he had known since childhood, he called out, "Good day, Sandy."

A surly, gruff voice answered, "Good day, sir," and as Mr. Sinclair passed on, he said to himself, "What an ill-natured fellow Sandy McBride has grown. I wonder what's come over him; he used to be pleasant enough; perhaps it's too much Scotch whiskey. This bleak climate of ours works the mischief not only with the men but the masters, and it's no wonder the poor people take to drink, leading the hard lives they do."

Sandy McBride stood looking after James Sinclair, who little guessed, as he strode away, the cause of the former's attitude. Clenching his fists and pushing them deep into the pockets of his frieze jacket, he muttered, "Curse you ——, it's you that are at the bottom of it all. Mary Murray was kind enough till you came back from Edinburgh with your fine airs, and began talking to her; since then she's had no eyes for the likes o' me, a lad she's known all her life and who'd be willing to die for her. Now they've both been witnesses at the baptism of the minister's child it will turn Mary's head altogether. Oh! Curse the day you



came back to cast a blight over everything! But the time will come"—he added fiercely—"some day I'll have my revenge. It may be I'll have to wait, but it will surely come, and then look out, Mr. Sinclair. You don't know what it means to have made an enemy of Sandy McBride."

Quite unconscious of the volcano that was smouldering in the mind of his enemy, James Sinclair continued on his way. There were several miles to be covered before he could reach the castle, and he went over the familiar paths, walking rapidly, looking from side to side at every object that came within his range of vision, his thoughts hovering about the dim future towards which inevitable fate was leading him.

When he reached the top of a hill from which he could command an extensive view of the surrounding country, he threw himself down among the heather and gorse, and sat for half an hour in deep thought. He could see the river with its low-lying banks as it wound towards the bay, and was lost in the waters which, at a distance, mingled with the sea. There were no trees in this barren country—just miles of uncultivated land, rocks and rough crags; and near the sea, its foundations rising at hardly more than a stone's throw from the water's edge, the walls of the Castle stood, its ivy-mantled gables and turrets outlined against the sky. The south front, with its many high, narrow windows, overlooked a formal garden, sunk below the terrace, which came close to the foundations, and there were graveled walks and glossy-leaved, closely-trimmed hedges. A fountain sent up a little jet of water that fell back into a moss-grown basin and was reflected in the tiny pond which surrounded it, and the marble urns, which were set at equal distance on either side of the broad walk, would soon be filled with bright flowers. The offices, built at different levels, added to the picturesque effect of this grim-looking edifice, which stood by itself in lonely and rather forbidding grandeur, near the end of the curved shingly beach, dominating a few low grey-stone cottages.

The village itself consisted of a group of rather insignificant houses—some of them in walled gardens, where an occasional stunted tree was cherished with fostering care.

How well James Sinclair knew every inch of the Castle, from

the top of the square battlemented tower, to the lowest and darkest corner of its foundations, and now that he was to leave it, and go, he knew not whither, he sat and gazed as if trying to engrave every stone upon his memory. He wished to carry away with him an indelible picture of the abode of his father, William of Rattar, who had received the title of tenth Earl of Caithness in 1772, when the claim of David Sinclair, of Broynach, was pronounced invalid.

He thought over all the events of his past life. A younger son, his welcome into the world had not been of the warmest, except by his mother, to whom he had always been especially dear. She was no longer a young woman when he was born, and she had taken from the first to this child with passionate affection. When he had been overlooked and subordinated by his father and brothers, she had held out her arms to him, and would have shielded him from every chilling glance, from every trial or trouble. Could only her heart have chosen for him the path which he was to tread, there would have been no thorns to tear his feet, no rough stones to cause him to stumble. By his father he was regarded as an additional responsibility, and, though he did his duty by him, he had small affection for him.

The Earl was a hard man, inheriting the irascible temper of generations of men from whom he was descended. A stern Presbyterian, he believed in the strictest practice of orthodoxy; and the Scotch Sabbath had always been a day dreaded by his children, while the daily morning and evening prayers were only less of a weight upon their youthful minds.

At the time when this story opens, William, his father's namesake, and John, the second son, were both in America, whither they had gone when the call came for troops to cross the ocean to the Colonies, which were becoming insubordinate to the rule of King George. Both the elder sons of the Earl of Caithness held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. His daughters, Janet and Isabella, were in Edinburgh, where they preferred to pass most of their time, though Janet was inclined to make frequent visits to Rattar for reasons of her own. The Earl was growing old, and ere long the title would pass to the eldest son.

The pittance likely to fall to James would be so small

as to be insignificant, and now, with strong bodily health and indomitable will power, with ambition to make his way in the world, regardless of the assistance which his family could give, he renewed his determination to carve out a future for himself in which he should be dependent upon no man, and he cherished a sanguine and earnest belief that in his career he should be successful.

His one regret in leaving the land of his birth was the parting with his mother, to whom he realized the separation would be a bitter grief; but he said to himself: "Now is the time, if ever, for me to make the plunge, and when the parting is over she will accustom herself to the inevitable. Poor mother; I hate to leave her, but there is really no alternative."

He rose from the ground and stood for a few minutes looking intently at the scene spread before him, then, with hurrying footsteps, for it was getting late, he walked in the direction of the Castle.

When he arrived at the entrance and lifted the great iron knocker, it had scarcely time to fall before the door was opened by the old butler, who had been in the Earl's employ ever since James could remember. By this time twilight had fallen, and a wind was blowing, promising a heavy northeast storm.

"You are late, Mr. James," Eric said, as he helped him to remove his plaid and took the bonnet which was handed him.

"Yes, Eric, I walked back from Olrig by the longest way. I have been standing witness to the baptism of Dr. Smith's child, and the good Doctor would have me go back to the manse to drink its health in some of the Castle port, and also," he added, kindly, "to eat a slice of the christening cake which Mrs. Smith told me was made from Alice's receipt, and was the same from which the cake for my own christening was made so long ago."

Eric's face beamed with pleasure. The housekeeper at the Castle was his wife, and they both felt the interest in the master's family of privileged old servants.

"Alice will be glad to hear about it, Mr. James," he said. "I remember many a cake made from that same receipt myself, and I think not a better can be found in the length and breadth of Scotland, or even in the whole United Kingdom."

"This certainly was a famous cake, Eric, every one agreed as to that." Then, turning towards the great staircase, he saw a lady slowly descending.

She was dressed in black velvet; the long train which lay about her feet gave additional height to the tall, slender figure; old lace ruffles fell down over her hands, on which sparkled several handsome rings, and on her head was a cap of the same filmy lace. As she came down the stairs holding on to the carved balustrade with one hand, and carrying a lighted candle in the other, her stately figure was outlined against the old oaken paneling of the hall, and here and there from tarnished gilt frames, looked down upon her the portraits of men and women who had inhabited the Castle for many generations, some painted by artists who had come to be regarded as men of genius, some by hands less skillful, but all valued as heirlooms and possessions to be jealously guarded from generation to generation.

As James Sinclair went forward his face lighted up, as it always did when in the presence of his mother, and Lady Caithness, who had now reached the ground, put out one hand, which her son took in his own as he bent down and kissed her.

They were wonderfully alike, mother and son; both had broad high foreheads and clear blue eyes, which looked out fearlessly under long silken lashes. The same light hair which curled above the temples of James, on his mother's head was parted and drawn down towards the ears, showing wavy lines, which were now mixed with grey. There was the same manner of turning the head, the dimple in the chin, and even more striking than all these was the shape of the hands of both, which were small and aristocratic and strong, with a grasp that made one feel that the owners were fearless and true as steel.

"It is nearly time for supper, my son," Lady Caithness said; "you are late to-night."

"Yes, mother, I have been at Olrig. I will tell you about it later, for I see there is barely time to dress. Will you go to the drawing-room, or will you wait here? Eric has a famous fire, and it looks cheerful after coming in from outside."

"I will wait for you here, Jamie," Lady Caithness answered, smiling, while her son drew towards the fire a carved high-backed

chair, covered with faded tapestry, and seeing his mother comfortably seated, hurried away to his own room on the third floor of the Castle, which looked toward the river.

The staircase in the large square hall, with its high windows overlooking the garden, had on each story a landing in the tower, under the windows of which were carved seats covered with old brocaded stuffs. Jamie had delighted as a child, to curl himself up on the cushions and let his eyes wander out upon the gardens through the small heavy panes of glass, or standing on the landing to gaze down into the hall, with its carved chests and massive tables, the suits of armor and the two curious cabinets, whose doors were always closed, and in whose depths he fancied hidden endless treasures.

As he went up the stairs this evening, he turned on the first landing and looked once more down into the hall. There were candles lighted on a small table beside the chair on which his mother sat; except for their light and that thrown from the fire, the hall was in deep shadow, so that the picture which James Sinclair carried away in his memory, was of the graceful figure of his mother seated in her arm-chair, her head raised, and her eyes lifted towards the gallery where her son stood smiling down upon her. When he passed out of sight she sighed, a sensation of dread coming over her, as it sometimes had in the last year, and making her shiver and draw near the fire; but she was not accustomed to give way to feelings of this kind, and her habit of self-control was too strong to be overcome by a momentary fancy; so that when the old Earl joined her a few minutes later, she was prepared to greet him with her usual serenity.

"What's Jamie been doing that he should be roaming the country at this hour instead of getting back at the proper time for supper?" he asked, querulously. **Cal. 11-1880**

"Oh, he is already back," Lady Sinclair answered. "He has been to Olrig, but he is dressing and will be down almost immediately; he has not yet told me of the christening, at which, I believe, he was witness, but he will give us all the news at supper."

"Oh, no doubt, no doubt," answered the Earl; "but it's quite time he found other employment than being witness at christen-

ings. That'll never help him fill a hungry mouth or pay for a place to lay his head, and that's what he's got to be thinking of now. He's had his time for eating the bread of idleness; now he must shift for himself."

Lady ~~Caithness~~ turned pale as her husband spoke, but she knew that remonstrance would be in vain, so she only said in her usual gentle voice, "You know he is going in only a few days."

"The sooner the better, the sooner the better," and taking a letter from his pocket, he added, "Here's the letter from the man at Aberdeen, who will be ready to receive him at any time, and find out if there's anything in him, anything out of which a man can be made."

Just then James came hurrying down the stairs, and old Eric appeared at the door of the dining-room and announced that supper was served.

With barely a nod of recognition to his son, Lord Caithness turned to go towards the dining-room, while James, offering his arm to his mother, led her to her place at the father end of the table.

The large room had a long, wide table extending nearly its entire length, but this was quite bare. In the alcove at one side of the room, whose broad window looked out towards the water, a smaller table was laid with covers for three. A well-worn, carefully darned tablecloth of finest damask hung nearly to the floor, and the few pieces of old family silver bearing the arms of Caithness were brilliantly polished.

Eric stood till the family were seated and the Earl had pronounced the long grace, then, as the supper was served, Lord Caithness asked his son about his afternoon at Olrig.

James answered his father respectfully, gave an account of the christening and of the return to the manse, and then told of his walk back and his pleasure in looking over the view to be seen from the distant hills.

"You may as well remember it," his father said; "it's not often you'll see it hereafter; there'll be no time for you to waste looking at views. A younger son's business is to find a way of gaining a livelihood, and the sooner he sets about it the better."

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“You are right, father,” James answered, and the supper being finished, Lord Caithness bowed his head to give thanks. After a few moments, when only the droning sound of his voice was heard, every one returned to the hall. But it was not a very happy party that sat before the fire, and when at last the servants were summoned to prayers, and the prayers, like all earthly things, had come to an end, they separated to go to their several rooms—to sleep, to think of the past, or to dream of days to come.



## CHAPTER II.

James Sinclair went to his room and closed the door. This room had been his own particular den ever since he could remember, and here were collected all his own particular belongings—his books, his guns and fishing rods—all the personal paraphernalia that a young man gathers about him; and in this corner of the Castle he felt himself absolute dictator.

It was in the northeast corner of the building, and from its windows could be seen Pentland Frith, which surged about the shores of Orkney Hoy Island, whose precipitous seagirt mountain seemed to have been placed where the waves could dash and break at will against its feet. A few miles away was Dunnet Head, that most northerly point in Scotland, with its stretch of red sandstone reaching out into the Atlantic; and yonder, across the river, whose steep banks rose from the water's edge, the village of Thurso had for a background the far-away bordering hills.

A little fire burned on the hearthstone, and the curtains were drawn. James set the light on the table, which stood between the windows, and brought two tall candlesticks from the chimneypiece, which he placed beside the flat candlestick that he had used to light him to his room. He lighted fresh candles and, drawing a chair up to the table, he sat down and began looking over and sorting papers, tying some into packages with narrow red tape, but piling more on the table beside him to be later consigned to the flames. He often paused in his work to look about the room at the various familiar objects, and he became conscious that the wind was increasing in violence and the rain beat heavily against the windows.

At last he rose, and going to the eastern window he drew aside the curtains and peered out into the night. It was so dark that he could scarcely distinguish anything; an occasional light in some cottage window twinkled feebly, where an anxious housewife had left a candle burning, against the return of her husband, or perhaps a son who had been kept outside at an unusually late hour. The water dashed against the stone



parapet at the foot of the Castle walls, and receded and broke again against the rocky shore. Through the swathing ivy that hung about the casement the wind howled and whistled almost as in mid-winter, and occasional streaks of vivid lightning would be followed at intervals by the crashing of thunder.

James loved these sweeping torrential storms and welcomed their most destructive blasts, in which he always found excitement and exhilaration. He longed to go out and breast the wind, to feel the cold rain beating on his face, and stand measuring the strength of his powerful young body against the fury of the elements. He loved the sea, and from earliest childhood he had found his greatest happiness when sailing with his brothers and some weather-beaten fisherman, who would take them out in his boat when the Scrabster fishing season opened, and let them manage the sails and steer the little craft under his competent direction. After hours of this they would come back to the landing-place sunburned and tired, and smelling very much of the fish they had handled, but always longing to go out again at the first opportunity that offered.

Many times had their mother been needlessly alarmed when they had been absent longer than she thought necessary. Once Jamie had gone out alone with Donald McRae, and sailing away up towards the Stacks of Duncansby they had been caught in a storm near John O'Groat's house, and the waves running furiously high, and the wind beating fiercely, the boat had gone on the rocks, a hole was made in her bottom, and there was nothing to be done but draw her high up on the shore, and then walk the fifteen miles that lay between John O'Groat's and home. It had been a great adventure for Jamie; he talked of it for days and dreamed of it at night, and had he been able to choose, it was for a life at sea upon which he would have decided.

But the Earl thought otherwise, and only to-day the letter had come from the man at Aberdeen to whom James was to go to be prepared for the bar. How he hated the thought! To be confined among musty books, studying dry cases to be argued before learned Judges, to try to understand the difference between law and equity, to plead everyone's cases, whether they were

wrong or right—oh, this was what had been chosen for him—this was what he would *not* do.

He turned away from the window, drawing the curtains close, and as he did so he heard a gentle tap at the door. Opening it, Lady Caithness stood before him, and James, taking her by the hand, led her into the room.

“I saw the light under the door, Jamie. I could not sleep, and I thought I would come to see if you were in bed. How often I used to do it,” she added, with a smile that had in it much of sadness, “when you were a little boy.”

“And how I loved to open my eyes at night to see you bending over me; so often I have started out of a bad dream to find all my timidity dispelled by the sight of your face, mother dear. Come in now and sit by the fire while we talk of those happy times,” and, suiting the action to the words, he drew his mother towards the fireplace, and gently seated her in the arm-chair, where she could look at the smouldering embers upon the hearth.

Lady Caithness had changed her velvet dress for a long double gown of purple cashmere lined with gray, and in place of the lace cap which she had worn in the evening, she had tied a muslin kerchief over her parted hair. She was carrying a little parcel in her hand, which she let drop in her lap as she seated herself before the fire; and James sat on one arm of the chair, his arm across his mother’s shoulders, one hand clasping hers in his own, and they fell into a long intimate talk of bygone days, of the times when all the children were young, when his brothers and sisters had been at home, and at the old house there was always the sound of youthful voices and merry laughter echoing through the rooms. Parties of friends would come from Edinburgh and Aberdeen to pass weeks of the summer with them, and there were long drives to be taken through the picturesque, rugged neighborhood bordering the sea, sailing parties to Duncansby Head and John O’Groat’s house, and picnics and merry-makings from daylight to dark.

“Do you remember, mother, the day I crossed the De’il’s Brig?”

“Indeed, Jamie, I shall never forget it. I stood with my

heart in my mouth as I saw you making your way across that awful chasm."

"I came over all right, mother; it was a dreadful scramble, but I should never have been satisfied not to have tried it, and I was proud enough when I could say I had been across."

"How everything has changed since then, Jamie. I have been thinking to-night of John and William till I became so nervous and overwrought that I just came to see if my remaining boy was safe in bed. I wonder where the others are?"

"Oh, somewhere in America by this time, mother, trying to show the Colonists the foolishness of attempting to oppose King George. No doubt they'll soon be coming home with colors flying, and you will hardly remember that they have been away, once they are back at the Castle, telling you of all their adventures with Indian savages and blacks."

"I hardly think I shall ever forget these last anxious months, Jamie; and now that you also are leaving me, what a dismal place the Castle will become,—no young life about, only your father and myself and the servants, who are most of them getting old."

"Fortunately, mother, you will be returning to Edinburgh before very long, and there you will not be so isolated. Janet and Isabella, your many friends and the gaieties of the town will make the time pass rapidly."

"And you will be coming often to see us, Jamie; it will not be as if you, too, were in America."

She took up the little packet which she had brought with her and, unfastening the papers which wrapped it about, took out a small Bible bound in crimson morocco, with shining gilded clasps. On the fly-leaf she had written:

JAMES SINCLAIR,

With the love and blessing of his mother, Barbara Sinclair,

Rattar, June 23d, 1775.

"Jamie, I want you to take this with you and keep it always. I gave your brothers each one just like it when they were leaving home."

"Be sure I shall keep it carefully, mother. I will carry it with me, and often when I am away I shall be thinking of the dearest mother son ever had, as I turn its pages."

"And I have brought something else, dear. I had the seal cut when I was last in Edinburgh. You see, there are the family arms and crest, and the motto, 'Commit thy work to God.' I want you to wear it to remind you of our happy days together, and whatever happens, now that you are going out to face the world alone, the motto will be a sort of profession of faith, while the arms will always serve for personal identification."

"Dear mother, you are always thinking of what I would like to have, and, indeed, this seal is beautiful; the engraver was certainly an expert; the lines are so clear cut, every one comes out distinctly."

"Get down while I hang it about your neck, Jamie."

And as he obeyed, kneeling on the floor before his mother's chair, she slipped the ribbon to which the seal was attached about her son's neck, so that it hung down on his breast like a medal.

"This shall never leave me, dearest mother, neither night nor day. I will use it soon to seal a letter to you that shall be sent back from Aberdeen."

Lady Caithness smiled. "I shall look forward to the letters, dear, more than to anything else in the world, and now—'The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace.'"

"But it is time I left you; you need to get some sleep, and indeed I need to do the same myself."

As she arose from the chair, a mirror reflected the images of mother and son, so alike in their features and in their movements as to be almost startling.

"I will take you back to your room, mother," James said, lifting a candle from the table; and they went out into the gallery together and down the staircase to Lady Caithness' own room. Opening the door, he led her inside and had placed the light on a table, when suddenly she turned and throwing her arms about his neck burst into a passion of tears. "Oh! my son, my son, my wee bairnie; how can I spare you, how can I let you go? You are the bright light in my life, my darling, my Jamie."

He gathered her close against his breast, letting her cry and moan until her sobs had spent themselves; he fondled her beautiful hands and smoothed her hair. It was the only time in his life that he had known his mother to give way, and it seemed strange to him, for he had thought of her hitherto as he had always seen her—strong enough to bear the heaviest burdens, calm enough to face the bitterest sorrows, with the moral power that belonged to a generation of women who would say to their sons, as the Roman matrons said when sending them forth to battle, "Return with your shield or on it," who never flinched in the performance of a duty either to God or man.

Presently the paroxysm of weeping was over, and Barbara Sinclair lifted her head and, looking into her son's face, said, "Forgive me, Jamie; for the moment I was overcome. I am all right now, dear; it will not happen again."

Once more folding her in his arms and kissing the upturned face, he saw the old-time light return to it, the determination and strength by which she had always conquered; and so he left her and went slowly back to his room.

\* \* \* \* \*

A week later James Sinclair had left the home of his childhood, never to see it more; from the land which gave him birth, he would soon be a wanderer, destined to be absorbed as a drop in the boundless ocean of time.

## CHAPTER III.

The letter which the Earl of Caithness gave to his son for the lawyer at Aberdeen was duly delivered. James Sinclair took it himself to the office, where he was received with all the attention due to the son of a noble house. The matter of his qualifications for the practice of the legal profession was not broached ; it was sufficient that the Earl had decided that his son should become a barrister, and from that decision there could be no appeal.

From the lawyer's office James wended his way to the wharves, and thence to several shipping houses, where he informed himself regarding the incoming and sailing of vessels to different ports. He heard also the latest news from the American Colonies, which seemed to be showing great obstinacy towards King George. This little trouble would no doubt soon be over, his brothers would be in England again in a few months without doubt, but he himself—well, his desire was to see something of the world, and to that end he determined to take ship for New York, and once over there fate must decide what his next move should be.

His first duty upon arriving at Aberdeen was to write a long letter to his mother, in which he described his journey and his fellow-travelers, and told every little incident which he thought would be of interest to her ; and when the letter was finished, he folded it and sealed it with the seal which she had given him, taking great pains to make the impression clear and strong and writing the address most carefully.

He decided to take passage by the first vessel to leave Aberdeen for New York, and found that he had but a single day in which to make his preparations for a long voyage. When all had been accomplished he returned to his hotel and wrote another letter to his mother, in which he told her that neither his taste nor his inclination would lead him towards the practice of the law ; that all his desire was for a life on the sea, and so, being of age, he had decided to take his fate in his own hands, and was therefore sailing for the new world, determined to carve out a

future for himself which should throw no discredit on his friends, and where he felt sure he would soon make such a place and a name as it would be impossible to do on that side of the water, where the youngest son's position was far from being an enviable one.

"And I shall come back, mother. I mean frequently to see you, as I come backwards and forwards across the ocean and have time in port in which to visit my old home. And how much I shall have to tell you then of my travels and adventures! You will think me a veritable Baron Munchausen."

This, and more, he wrote, and when the letter was addressed and sealed, he gave it into the hands of the landlord of his hotel, with instructions that it should not be posted for a week after his departure, and by the middle of the month of July, 1775, he was sailing away in the direction of New York.

\* \* \* \* \*

When his son's letter was received at Rattar, the anger and indignation of the Earl knew no bounds. He raved and stormed through the Castle in a state of violent excitement, and even Eric, who had been with him so many years and was accustomed to his outbursts of uncontrollable rage, was glad to get away from his vicinity, and, when alone with Alice, he assured her that his master's anger was something terrible.

On the innocent head of Lady Caithness fell torrents of abuse. "If you had not spoilt the boy with your petting and coddling, this would not have happened; he would have obeyed as a child should, and not flung away parental authority the moment he was let out of sight. But, after all, we're well rid of him; he has chosen his bed; now let him lie in it. Never again shall he darken my doors. Let him be as one dead;" and he gave orders that the name of his son James should never be mentioned again in his presence.

When the mail was received at the Castle, the bag was always carried directly to the Earl's private room, where he looked it over and distributed at leisure letters and papers to the other members of the household to whom they were addressed.

The first letter that came from James bearing the American



postmark was dropped, unopened, into the fire; so were the third and fourth, and with relentless perversity his father kept the fact of their receipt forever locked in his own breast.

The Earl grew more and more irascible, more obdurate and domineering. Lady Caithness grew older and paler, and, as time passed bringing to her no tidings of her darling, she gradually lost hope, and mourned him as one dead.

Bad news came from America. William Sinclair died at New York, on the 23d of October, 1776, as the result of fever caught when lying with the troops in the field, and John was wounded at the siege of Charleston.

The death of William was the signal for the breaking down of the Earl's health, and he himself died, intestate, at Edinburgh, in 1779.



## CHAPTER IV.

The Huguenot, Matthew Morel, suffered persecution for his faith upon the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and was condemned for life to the French galleys; but, escaping, he made his way to Holland, and remained there a number of years before crossing the channel to England. In the shipyards of Plymouth he found employment as a carpenter, and, after several years, during which he had become master of his trade, he determined to seek a home in America.

He settled at New Rochelle, among the members of his own faith and nationality, who had sought refuge there upon leaving their native land, and he married a French woman, by whom he had a number of children.

Among his descendants were William and Nicholas, both of whom married wives of French extraction, and William became the father of a daughter, Elizabeth, born in the year 1766.

William Morrell, at the time of the Revolutionary War, was a highly respected member of the community; he had gradually risen from a humble position till he became junior partner in the business, and at the time of which I write he was at the head of a prosperous shipbuilding firm. He had built a house at New Rochelle, surrounded it with a garden several acres in extent, and enjoyed a position of dignified and honorable prosperity.

His house was a long, low building, two stories in height, with dormer windows in the roof and a veranda stretching the whole length of the front; it was built at the top of a small terrace, and from the steps that led down to the garden one looked over a little pond enclosed by low wooden palings, where water lilies bloomed in summer and goldfish swam about among pebbles and sedges, and gleamed in the sunlight that fell upon their darting shapes.

There were hollyhocks and larkspurs and sweet-williams and a hundred other hardy flowers, making the front yard gay with their blossoms; lady's delights and polyanthus in clumps inside the well-clipped box borders, and old-fashioned pinks and ragged robin and sweet-smelling southernwood.

At either side of the long straight walk beyond the flower beds, the grass grew green, and soft and smooth as velvet, and apple and pear trees bloomed in the spring time, while in autumn the trees bent their branches nearly to the ground under the weight of ripening fruit. The land sloped to the water's edge at the back of the house, and there was a well-kept kitchen garden, with vegetables of many kinds, and rows of currant and raspberry bushes—the finest in the county. There were also plum trees, damsons, and green gages which were the delight of Mrs. Morrell, who was a famous housewife and would put up jellies and sweetmeats and preserves every year, "Enough to supply an army," her husband would say laughing, as she would sometimes lead him to her well-filled storeroom, and proudly show him rows upon rows of jars and glasses that would furnish the table from year's end to year's end.

He was proud of his wife, who was a very pretty woman, with the piquante grace of her nation. She had a knack of making the most of things and could manage her household to perfection. The cupboards in the keeping-room held treasures of china and glass, always polished to the height of brilliancy, and the mahogany furniture was kept so well rubbed that you could see your face in it—the great test of the model housewife.

In the autumn of 1775, the British were in possession of the harbor of New York, and William Morrell and his brother Nicholas were called upon to repair the fleet. Their workmen were kept busy day and night, as much overhauling was needed and many improvements required; and as the ships might be ordered away to another port at any moment, no time was allowed to be wasted.

The merchant vessel which brought James Sinclair to America arrived in New York harbor about the middle of September, and it was only a day or two after landing that he went down to the docks to make the acquaintance of some of his countrymen aboard the war ships. While being shown over one of the vessels, Captain Johnson, who was talking of what had already been accomplished and of the victories they were expecting in future, noticed William Morrell, who was standing giving

directions to his workmen, and stopped to speak to him, at the same time introducing Mr. Sinclair as a gentleman who had lately arrived from Scotland, and it being his first visit to America, was naturally interested in everything to be seen.

"It will give me pleasure to show Mr. Sinclair about, if he has no better engagement," William Morrell said, and James, assuring him that his time was all his own, and that he was anxious to make the most of it, Captain Johnson left them together and retired to his private quarters.

For a week or more James Sinclair remained in New York, going daily to the shipyards and getting on more and more friendly terms with Mr. Morrell, who introduced him to many of his friends and patrons, and at last, having taken a genuine liking to the young man, he one day invited him to go with him to his place at New Rochelle, where he always spent the Sunday, and Mr. Sinclair was delighted to accept so agreeable an invitation.

It was one of the loveliest days in October, when the glamour of Indian Summer lent its enchantment to the world. The woods were flaming with crimson and purple and orange. Branches, swaying softly in the temperate breeze, shook out every inch of their brilliant livery, to catch the mellow rays of autumn sunshine. The purple haze through which one saw the varied landscape imparted tints of pearl and opal to the bay, where the British ships lay anchored,—a menace to the country they had come to conquer, but a magnificent supplement to the widespread panorama which called forth words of enthusiastic admiration from the young man, accustomed as he was to the dull skies of his Scottish home. The long drive was a pleasure, and the freshness and simplicity of all that he saw made him rejoice that in quitting Scotland he had turned his face in the direction of the West.

On the top of a grey-stone wall, overgrown with blackberry vines, a child stood looking eagerly down the road. She was about ten years old, and wore a gown of flowered chintz caught up over a dark blue petticoat. A little muslin kerchief was crossed over her shoulders, a string of gold beads was round her white throat, and on her trim little feet were high-heeled shoes

with square silver buckles. Her soft golden curls were with difficulty held in place by the muslin cap which covered the top of her head, and the color in her cheeks was that of the soft pink petals in the heart of a blush rose. At the approach of the gig, in which sat her father and Mr. Sinclair, she jumped down from the wall and ran forward to meet them.

Mr. Morrell drew in the reins and stopped the horse as the little girl came near. "Why, Betty, my girl, is it really you? Have you come all this way to meet us?"

"Yes, father; mother said that I might come to the turning, and I have been waiting so long—so long—I thought you would never come."

"Well, give me your hand and scramble up into the gig," and as the child obeyed he kissed her rosy cheeks and asked, "Are you really glad to see father?"

"Oh, so glad," she answered. "I couldn't half tell you," and she settled herself between his knees, as turning to Mr. Sinclair he said:

"This little maid is my daughter, Betty, a dear little lass, who will be glad to join mother and me in welcoming you to our home."

"I am glad to meet Miss Betty, I am sure," said Mr. Sinclair, as she looked up at him and put out one hand with a shy expression of pleasure. "I hope we shall be very good friends."

"Oh, no doubt of that," her father answered. "Betty's always a kindhearted little soul, and she is sure to care for her father's friends, eh, Betty?"

"Oh, yes, father; how could I help it?" she returned, her face lighting up with a happy smile.

"And is everything going well at home, Betty; is mother very busy?"

"Yes, father, mother has been very busy all day; she has been preserving the quinces, and I have been helping her," she added, proudly.

"You have been helping her? Well, that's a good day's work; we shall soon have you so accomplished that mother won't have to do any more preserving, the little housewife will be managing it all alone."

"Quinces are very troublesome," said Betty; "they make the hands so black. It took me such a long time to get the stains off."

"No one would think to see them now that there had ever been any stains on them," said Mr. Sinclair.

Betty held them up and looked at them critically. "No, they are quite white now; I used a lemon to clean them—that's the best thing to use if you ever stain your hands with quinces."

"Thank you for telling me, Betty. I shall certainly remember when I preserve quinces."

The little girl glanced up at him, a questioning look in her eyes. "I don't suppose you would do it; Mrs. Sinclair would do the preserving."

"Oh, of course; but thanks to you, I should know what to tell Mrs. Sinclair to use."

"I am sure she would like to know; it isn't everybody who is as clever as mother. She knows what to do for everything. People are always coming to ask her about all sorts of things."

"Mother is a wonderful woman, Betty," said Mr. Morrell. "I found that out long ago; and there she is on the stoep," he added, "she will wonder at our being so late."

He turned the horse into the driveway that led up to the front door, and drawing in the reins, the gig stopped as Mrs. Morrell came down the steps, smiling and holding out her hands.

"Ah, mother! we're glad to get here," Mr. Morrell said as, all three having alighted, he tossed the reins to the colored boy waiting to take them. He stooped to kiss his wife, patting her gently on the shoulder, and she smiled and blushed a little as she noticed the stranger who was a witness to the scene.

"This is Mr. Sinclair, mother, the friend I sent you word that I should bring to pass the Sabbath with us. He has but lately come from Scotland and is curious about this country of ours. I have brought him down to show him how we live over here, and perhaps he will like it well enough to settle in America."

"Mr. Sinclair is welcome to our home," Mrs. Morrell said, as she smilingly extended her hand, "and we shall hope to

make him comfortable. She spoke with a slight accent and rather slowly, as one to whom the English language was the least bit difficult.

"Thank you, Mrs. Morell, you are very kind and I consider myself fortunate that my lines have fallen in such pleasant places."

They all mounted the steps to the veranda, and directly Mr. Sinclair was shown to the room he was to occupy in the second story, with windows looking out on the garden.

Elizabeth Morrell had herself taken pains to arrange the room which was to receive the guest. She had taken her best homespun linen sheets from the chest, where they lay among sprigs of lavender, drawing them carefully over the plump feather beds which were piled on the high-post mahogany bedstead. Over them were laid hand-wove blankets with roses wrought in the corners with crewels, and over the blankets still another covering, a wonderful spread crocheted in a marvelous intricate pattern by her own hands. The pillows were adorned with ruffled linen slips.

There were arm-chairs with chintz covers, and the curtains of flowered chintz were drawn apart at each side of the windows, through which was seen a glimpse of the autumn landscape. A bureau with a mirror hanging above and a pair of polished brass candlesticks either side, and a light-stand at the head of the bed with a Bible upon it were among the other furnishings, and all were so clean and sweet and wore such a look of gentle, kindly hospitality that James Sinclair felt himself at once at home, and rejoicing, was exceeding glad.

The supper to which all sat down, half an hour later, was another pleasant feature. The table was laden with good things, and everywhere was the evidence of the housewife's personal supervision, the scrupulous care which made housekeeping in those days a matter of pride and pleasure.

When the meal was finished, the gentlemen retired to the veranda, the weather being still sufficiently mild for them to sit half an hour out of doors over their pipes.

Betty came to kiss her father good night, then innocently lifted up her face to Mr. Sinclair, who was not averse to imprint-



ing a kiss upon the smooth white forehead. When she had gone the conversation turned upon the state of the country.

"I suppose there is no doubt that we shall be at peace almost immediately," Mr. Sinclair said.

"I do not feel so sure of that," Mr. Morell answered. "It seems now as if King George's men were to carry everything before them; but the Colonists are very determined and will fight to the last."

"I have always felt," said Mr. Sinclair, "that they have the right on their side. Perhaps I ought not to say so being so lately from the mother country, but I am speaking to a friend, and you, Mr. Morrell, who have found the freedom of this country so grateful, will no doubt agree with me."

"Certainly, and if a man wishes to settle where there are great opportunities, such as could never be found in older countries, America is the place to select; even should the British conquer, there would still be openings in the new world for those who are willing to work, to carve out their fortune with their hands guided by their brains. There will be offices to be filled, governors to be chosen, and a world of work to be done."

"I have been idle myself long enough," Mr. Sinclair said, "and wish to find employment at once. I had thought to attach myself to some ship in the merchant service, but I find such interest in what is going on here at present that I think I would prefer to remain in New York for a time—that is, if I can find something to do."

"There is always plenty for a young man to do. Indeed I could offer you a place myself if you were willing to take it; the shipyards are overflowing with work, and there are few enough to do it."

"I should not only be glad, but grateful for the opportunity of going to work under your supervision, Mr. Morrell," and before they went into the house an arrangement had been made by which James Sinclair was to become a workman in the shipyards of William and Nicholas Morrell.

Morning and evening on Sunday he attended the service with his hospitable friends at the little French Protestant church; and very early on Monday, after breakfasting by candle light, he returned to New York with William Morrell.

## CHAPTER V.

For a year James Sinclair remained in the shipyards. He passed as Mr. Sinclair, never offering any information regarding his birth or rank. He worked faithfully, giving great satisfaction to his employers, and occasionally he would be asked to spend a day at New Rochelle, where he was always welcome.

As time passed, all desire to return to the mother country was extinguished. He never received any reply to the letters which he wrote home with regularity for many months after his arrival in New York, and he felt that there was no longer any place for him in Scotland, as he believed there would be no welcome. Here in the new world he was forming enduring ties, he was making friends, and he knew that as years went on he should have a place in the community, and be honored and respected, as he came to mature years, for his own intrinsic worth.

On the Fourth of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was signed, and Great Britain and the United States were fighting each other as two separate and foreign powers. The British held New York, Philadelphia and Newport; there seemed no doubt of their ultimate victory.

Lieutenant William Sinclair, who had been in America since the earliest days of the Revolution, having lain for several days with the army in the field, fell ill from exposure and died at New York on the 23d of October, 1776.

The news of his brother's death was seen by James Sinclair in a copy of the *Scot's Magazine*, which fell under his eye many months after the event. He had not known in what part of the country his elder brother was stationed, and thus he had been prevented from attending him in his last hours, even though he was so near the place of his demise. The tie which had bound the brothers together had not been a strong one, though, blood being thicker than water, James felt a passing regret at the cutting off of a man in the prime of life, for whom the world had seemingly held out brilliant prospects.

Time passed, and James Sinclair watched with interest the varying fortunes of the opposing countries. He considered him-



self, and was by every one regarded, as an American citizen, and when there were votes to be cast or sides to be taken, he could always be counted upon to uphold the rights of the United States. But his longing for the sea was returning; he had been two years in New York, and now the desire to sail once more upon the limitless ocean, untrammelled by restraint, had taken possession of him, and the opportunity offering to go to sea with the captain of a large merchant vessel, he informed Mr. Morrell of his decision and set about making preparations for his departure.

He went down to New Rochelle to take leave of Mrs. Morrell and Betty. In these two years he had made himself beloved by the little household, and all were loath to part with him. The time passed all too quickly, and Sunday evening found him in the garden walking about with Betty among the trim box borders and telling her of his departure, feeling a little sad as the time for leaving approached and yet excited with a young man's desire for change and the opportunity for travel.

Betty, who was now nearly thirteen, was becoming rather more demure, and as time passed she began to lose her childish ways. She assumed little airs and graces that were as attractively piquante as they were unusual. The French blood asserted itself wonderfully, and there was that about her which singled her out among her mates as a delicate piece of porcelain is set apart from a coarser bit of faience.

They had walked down close to the river bank to where a garden bench was standing under an apple tree. Betty carried a bunch of flowers that she had gathered as they came through the garden; her cheeks were redder than usual and she seemed a little excited, talking and laughing more than was her custom.

"Betty, you must give me a posy to remember you by," said Mr. Sinclair, as they sat down side by side on the bench.

"What will you have?" she asked, looking down at the nosegay and fingering the flowers.

"You must give me something that talks. You have studied the language of flowers, I know; I have seen you looking at the little book on the parlor table that tells what each flower means."

"Here, then," said Betty, "is a bit of traveler's joy."

"And for that I thank you, my dear."

"And,"—still pulling at the nosegay—"here's a piece of meadow saffron."

"And what does that stand for, Betty?"

"Oh," she said, looking down, "that I can't tell you; you must find out for yourself."

"I will remember to look it up, dear; and I must choose a flower for you. Shall it be one of these lady's delights? They are like pansies—for thoughts—you know, and you must put this one between the leaves of the little book I have brought you, and think of me when I am a long way off."

For answer Betty hid her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"Why, my dear little girl—crying?" said Mr. Sinclair, putting his arm about her and drawing her to him. "Do you really care so much about my going away?"

Her sobs were redoubled, as she exclaimed in a broken voice, "Oh! I can't bear it, James Sinclair, you know I can't bear it."

"But I am coming back, Betty, you know I shall return, and then," he added smiling, "who knows, perhaps, you will be my little wife."

He said the words thoughtlessly, not giving them any special significance; but to Betty they conveyed a world of meaning, and in her innocent little heart she believed herself thenceforth the promised bride of James Sinclair.

When he was alone in the parlor later, in the evening, he saw the little book with its title interwoven with garlands, and taking it up carelessly turned the leaves, glanced down the columns giving the names of the flowers and their corresponding meaning, and gave a little amused smile as his eye fell upon

"Meadow saffron"—"My happiest days are fled."

"Poor, dear little Betty," he said.

## CHAPTER VI.

When James Sinclair quitted Scotland in 1775, he unwittingly left an inveterate enemy behind him—Sandy McBride, the man who loved Mary Murray, and who had for years regarded her as his future wife, though without ever having received any encouragement on her part. Sandy rejoiced when he heard that the man he hated had left the country, and he set about his purpose to win Mary's hand with greater assiduity than before.

The poor girl, who regarded him as one of the village lads whom she had been accustomed to see almost daily ever since she could remember, had no adequate realization of his feelings towards her, and when she met him she would greet him pleasantly, walk with him about the village and sometimes ask him into the house, when he would see her home from church, or bear her company when she returned from a late visit to a neighbor. He was a clever young man with a taste for the acquisition of knowledge, and had lately been engaged in reading law, a fact which gave him a better standing than most of the young men of his station. Being ambitious, he determined to rise above the condition to which his birthright entitled him, and he had so far succeeded that the attention of members of the different county families had been called to his attainments, and even at the Castle he was spoken of as a young man capable of filling a position of responsibility.

Mary lived with a married brother, who had asked her to make his house her home after the death of their parents, and she had become in that little household, where the wife was a querulous, unreasonable invalid, an important and beneficent influence. It was she who straightened out all the housekeeping difficulties, kept the maids in good temper, saw that the children were properly dressed and helped them with their lessons. She told them stories in the winter evenings when the wind howled down the chimneys and snow lay in great drifts about the house, and sang them to sleep when they were ailing and craved the gentle caressing touch which only women of her sort know how to give. Although always destined to remain a spinster, hers was a nature

made to develop and expand through the radiant medium of motherhood; and fate, which denied her the fulfilment of this in her own individuality, bestowed but feeble compensation when making her the ministering spirit in a household where those in supreme authority were in all respects her decided inferiors.

But she bowed her shoulders to carry the burden laid upon them, determined to face the duties of her position unflinchingly and to carry sunshine in her face, even when storms and disappointment were raging in her heart. The children looked upon her as one in whose presence all tumults were stilled, and the elders had come to regard her as their own particular property and an unalterable attachment to their somewhat turbulent ménage.

The dim lingering twilight of a northern latitude, which lasts so many hours and seems interminably to prolong the days, had settled over the distant hills. Mary Murray came out of the little house whose elder members were preparing for a quiet evening, while the children, their heads resting on downy pillows, were straying off into the land of dreams. Mary had had a trying day, and now, her body weary and her head confused with the babble of tongues, she came into the garden for a breath of the fresh night air. The new moon shed its radiance over the silent hills, and everything was enveloped in the silvery sheen of its tranquil beauty. She seated herself on a bench where she could look out over the exquisite prospect. The air was heavy with the perfume of meadow-sweet, carrying her back with its subtle intensity to the days of early childhood, and she fell to dreaming of the time when her life had been free from hampering care, and for the future she had no anxious premonitions. Seated thus, her hands clasped on her lap, her head resting against the supporting back of the garden bench, the light fell on her upturned face, framed in picturesquely disordered hair, and gave to her a sort of unearthly beauty.

It was now several years since that day at Olig when James Sinclair and she had stood as witnesses to the baptism of the minister's child, and from that time till this she had not seen the man to whom she had irrevocably given her heart, and had scarcely heard his name spoken. That he had gone to

America was all she knew, but the very meagreness of the information served only to add fuel to the flame of her affection, and though she loved without hope, she realized that no other man could ever take his place in her heart.

A quick, firm step was heard coming up the road, and directly Sandy McBride, looking into the garden, caught sight of Mary Murray sitting silent in the moonlight. He opened the gate and walked up to her. He was unwelcome at that hour, but Mary forced herself to accord him a friendly greeting.

"Good evening, Sandy ; you are late in going home to-night."

"And you are late in the garden, Mary," he answered. "But I am glad of that, it gives me the opportunity I have long been hoping for, to say something to you that is of great importance to me."

"What is it, Sandy?" she asked, quite unaware of his intentions.

"Mary, I have loved you for years, ever since I was a little lad, and used to look at your golden curls as you sat by your mother's side in church. I have felt that you were the only girl that I could love, that some day you must be my wife, and I have waited a weary time till I dared ask you to marry me."

"Oh, Sandy!" was all that Mary could say in her dismay and astonishment.

"Yes, Mary; I am sure it should not surprise you. Have I not always been ready to fetch and carry for you, to get you everything you wished that I could possibly secure; have I not brought you the earliest bluebells ever since you were a little thing, and gone miles in order to get you the biggest trout from the mountain streams? Don't you remember how I carried you over the brook when you were afraid of the slippery stepping-stones? Surely, Mary, you must have known what it all meant."

"Indeed, Sandy, I did not. I never thought of it in that light; we have always been good friends, and we will still be, I hope," she said, looking up at him timidly as she felt rather than saw the intense earnestness of his face, and became aware of the excitement in his voice.

"Oh! surely, Mary, you must have thought——?"

"No, Sandy, I did not. I was all unmindful that you

thought of me in that way. You and I have known each other so well—why we were like brother and sister.”

“So it seemed to you, perhaps; but to me there was nothing of that in it. I swore to make you my wife long years ago, and now, seeing you here—wasting your life in doing the work that none should ever have asked you to do—looking after Angus’ house and spending your time in bringing up Angus’ children, my heart is filled with anger. You are bearing the burden that his useless, incapable wife should bear ——”

“Hush, Sandy,” Mary interrupted; “you don’t know what you are saying. Margaret has been ill for years; she cannot attend to the house; she is not well enough to bring up the children as they should be brought up—she ——”

“She puts everything on your shoulders,” Sandy said bitterly; “you will be breaking down next. Oh, Mary, be my wife! There’s nothing I will not do to make life easy to you. I will work from daylight to dark to get you everything your heart can wish. I love the very ground your foot touches. Mary, I would be your slave, I ——”

“Oh! Sandy,” Mary said, “pray, pray do not think of it; you know I could not leave Angus ——”

“But you must leave Angus, Mary; you shall leave him. It’s not right that your life should be ruined looking after a house, children that are not your own—think of it,” he pleaded. “I have waited so long; I did not speak till I had the prospect of keeping you suitably. I am doing well now, Mary—better than any of the other young men in the village; and only to-day I have been appointed factor of the Caithness estates. It is a life position, Mary, and will make me an important man in the county, and my wife will be able to hold her head high above those among whom we were born.”

“Sandy, Sandy, I am sorry, but it cannot be. I shall never marry, my work is all cut out for me.”

“Never is a long day, Mary, you will change your mind.”

“No, Sandy, do not think it. I mean what I say. You must find some one else; there’s many a girl would be proud and happy to be your wife, and with reason; but for me—no, I cannot.”

"And if you cannot, I know the reason," Sandy said, angrily. "I know the reason why you will never marry; it's because you can't have the man you want."

"There is no man, Sandy."

"Oh, don't tell me that," he went on, roughly. "I know better, you have been a changed girl from the time young Mr. Sinclair came to Thurso."

"What do you mean, Sandy?" Mary said.

"Oh, you know very well what I mean. I saw you had no eyes for me when he was here; but," he added, triumphantly, "he has gone, gone no one knows where—and you're wasting your time thinking about him—a man who had no eyes for you, and would never marry you under any circumstances. I saw him the evening after the christening, just before he broke his mother's heart by sneaking away to America. He has no thought for any one but himself, that man—a sneaking, selfish brute as ever lived ——"

"Stop, Sandy!" Mary rose from the garden bench. Her head was thrown back and her eyes were blazing with anger and indignation. "You have no right to speak of any one in that way. Mr. Sinclair is nothing to me; it is three years since he went away, and I've never heard of him since, except from you," she added, "and you are talking like a madman."

"You think so," he said, bitterly, "but there's one enemy in the world who will always be ready to do mischief to Mr. James Sinclair. Let him dare set foot in County Caithness again and he will find with whom he has to deal. Curse him —— curse him!"

"Be quiet, Sandy," Mary said. "The weight of curses always comes back upon those who speak them."

"And I am willing to bear the brunt of them," he returned, "if I can but spoil his life."

Without another word he hurried from the garden and strode away. The moon was hidden behind a threatening cloud as Mary Murray crept back to the silent house and, throwing herself on the bed in her little room, cried and sobbed till far into the night.



## CHAPTER VII.

Years passed. James Sinclair made many long voyages from New York—to Madeira, to South America, to Lisbon, and to New Orleans—and when his ship lay in New York harbor he would usually pay a visit to New Rochelle, where he was always gladly welcomed.

In five years he was captain of a vessel, and he was regarded as a most reliable and trustworthy man, greatly respected by all, and his standing as an honorable member of the community was well established.

On the 29th of November, 1779, the Earl of Caithness died intestate, at Edinburgh. His son John succeeded to the title. At the siege of Charleston, in the spring of 1780, while reconnoitering with Sir Henry Clinton, he received a musket shot in the groin, which incapacitated him for further service and he returned to Scotland, there to assume the duties of his newly-acquired position.

James Sinclair, now a full-fledged American citizen, heard of his father's death and his brother's succession; but, having chosen his path in life, he made no sign of his own existence; and if his name was ever mentioned in Scotland, it was as one who had left his native land and was completely sunk in oblivion.

He was content that this should be so; year by year the roots which he had planted in American soil struck deeper, and he himself became an integral part of the society for which he was peculiarly fitted. He took pleasure in his visits to New Rochelle, looking forward to them, when he was sailing on distant seas, as a bright spot in life; and gradually he became aware that Betty was growing up.

He found her on his return from South America, after an absence of many months, a beautiful girl of twenty, with great vivacity and charm of manner, having the inherited tastes of a French woman, which made everything that she wore seem to be the most appropriate for the time and place. Her deft fingers were ever busy making the dainty gowns which so well set off her graceful figure, fashioning caps and kerchiefs and little



muslin aprons with dainty ruffles. To her accomplishments as a needlewoman, she added those of a wonderfully careful housewife; it was she who now put up the preserves and jellies, made the pound cakes and the mince-meat, and, in short, took from her mother's shoulders the greater part of the housekeeping cares.

One morning James Sinclair, looking in at the dining-room door, half an hour after breakfast, saw Betty standing beside the mahogany table, on which, protected by a huge Japanese tray, were two white cedar tubs bound with bands of shining brass. She was busy washing up the breakfast things, the glass and silver and delicate china, which no old-fashioned housewife ever trusted to the hands of a servant. With her sleeves tucked above the elbows, her plump arms showed their curves and dimples, and she smiled at the young man as he stopped to look in at the door, asking gayly if he did not wish to join her and help to make himself useful.

Nothing loath, he went into the room, and, being provided with a towel, set to work polishing the glasses under Betty's instructions. But it took a long time to get the work done that morning. The Virginia creeper that grew about the pillars of the veranda cast moving shadows upon the floor, and the perfume of roses and honeysuckle was borne in through the open windows.

Mrs. Morell, who came into the room half an hour later, wondering why the dishes took so long in the washing, found a young man looking into a pair of blue eyes that smiled trustfully into his, and knew that her child had found her way into the land of which every young girl dreams.

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When William Morrell came home, he was hardly surprised to hear of what had happened. He gave the young people his blessing, as every good father is inclined to do when an honorable and trustworthy man comes to ask for the privilege of cherishing and protecting his child; for parents look to the time when they shall no longer be alive to guard those for whose existence they are responsible, and are grateful if Providence sends those whom they deem worthy of the charge.

It was arranged that when the next voyage (a long one it was to be, and Betty sighed at the thought) was over, there should be a wedding at the New Rochelle home. Before many days James Sinclair had sailed away again, carrying with him Betty's promise and a lock of hair cut from behind her left ear, which he had often looked at with envious eyes; and when she had bidden him adieu, standing beside the same wall where nearly ten years before she had climbed to watch for the arrival of the gig, she turned sadly back to the house to begin the period of waiting.

Time, however, could not hang heavily on her hands; for were there not all the preparations to be made, not only for the wedding—they indeed need not be hurried—but for going to housekeeping; and when, as in Betty's case, it was an only daughter who was to be married, and the daughter of well-to-do parents, whose personal outfit as well as housekeeping paraphernalia had to be gathered together, time and thought and care were required.

Mrs. Morrell was in her element; house-linen was bought, and a great amount of stitching and embroidering was put upon sheets, towels and counterpanes; great roses were worked upon the corners of the blankets, and the finest of table-linen that New York could furnish was bought lavishly to fill the chests of the prospective bride.

And the trousseau must contain every article that could be found to clothe Betty's little person. A year would not have been too long for the accumulation of the dainty little articles, all of which had to be marked with the bride's initials. "Ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things" without number were bought and admired and stowed away against the wedding day. Lastly the gowns, the silk scarfs and bonnets were selected, the long gloves reaching above the elbows, imported from France, together with fans and reticules, lace-trimmed handkerchiefs and silken hose.

William Morrell had selected the house in New York, suitable for his daughter's occupancy, and his wife and Betty made several trips to the metropolis, where they spent days in visiting the shops and deciding upon the furniture that should embellish

its interior. Oh, it was not altogether a time of weary waiting, though Betty was not sorry when she had no longer months to count, but days, before the return of the ship. At last her faithful swain was once more at her side, and real wedding preparations began.

All intimate friends were asked to the ceremony, and every one in the large circle of acquaintances of Captain Sinclair and his wife was bidden to the reception.

For days beforehand the chief topic of conversation in society was the forthcoming wedding. It was not only the bride who should be magnificently appareled, but each of the ladies, young and old, who could afford the extravagance of a new gown, had one especially made for this occasion. As for the men, they kept the tailors and perruquiers busy with their orders for weeks in advance of the wedding day, and the principal New York confectioner racked his brains to furnish forth the marriage table with hitherto unheard-of delicacies, while at the Morrell house the making of the wedding cake was the occasion for a great many consultations, and proved such a success when done as to add still more glory to the fame of Mrs. Morrell's housekeeping.

It was a great occasion for New Rochelle when half fashionable New York came to attend the wedding. The guests drove down in chaises and coaches, and not a few performed the journey on horseback. And then followed three days of rejoicing, when every genteel person who could procure an introduction came to pay his respects to the bride and bridegroom, who held a sort of levee; and the visitors, after being introduced, partook of a cup of coffee or other refreshment and walked away. The first two evenings following the ceremony there was a concert given, and on the third there was a ball, and cards among those friends invited to remain; and seldom was there such a round of festivities as those recorded in connection with the marriage of Captain James Sinclair and the amiable Miss Elizabeth Morrell.

The wedding took place in 1787, five years after the close of the Revolutionary War, and Captain and Mrs. Sinclair took up their residence in New York, where they were specially welcome members of the Scotch and French society of the time, and there Elizabeth Morrell Sinclair faithfully guarded her husband's inter-

ests for many years, while he was still making long voyages which frequently kept him away from home for months at a time.

In 1788 a child was born and named Elizabeth. She was given a loving welcome by parents and grandparents, whose lives thereafter seemed completely wrapped up in that of the beautiful baby.

## CHAPTER VIII.

In the latter part of the month of January, 1788, James Sinclair, having returned from Barbadoes, spent some time in New York. He sat one morning in the private office of the ship's company, engaged in making out his accounts and arranging for the next voyage.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," said the old clerk, who had been in the employ of the firm for many years, and, looking up from his work, James saw a tall, distinguished-looking man of military bearing, who moved with difficulty and appeared to be somewhat lame.

James started to his feet with an expression of surprise. "Can it be possible?" he said. "Is this really my brother John?"

"None other, I assure you," replied the latter, "and a pretty time I have had tracking you down."

"But you have found me at last," James said, not speaking very cordially, as he did not fancy the idea of his identity being discovered.

"Yes, I have found you, and none too soon. Whatever made you seek to bury yourself away from everyone belonging to you? Only my determination to leave no stone unturned, to establish the fact either of your existence or your death, has made it possible to run you to earth at last."

"And I cannot understand what good purpose is served by your having found me after all?" James answered. "When I left home years ago, there was only my mother to regret my going, and when time passed and I received no tidings from Scotland I lost all desire to return to a land where I should have been unwelcome. I have made a place for myself in America; and having joined my fortunes to those of this free land, I have no desire to renew the ties with the mother country."

"But sit down, John. In the years which have passed since we last met, there have been many changes; there is much to talk about. Let me hear how the world has gone with you."

"You know, of course," Lord Caithness answered, "that our father died intestate in 1779, and I succeeded to the title?"

"Yes, that I had heard. And where were you wounded?"

"At the siege of Charleston, and after that, being unfit for active service, there was nothing for me to do but to return to Scotland. For nine years I have lived the life that so many of our race have lived before."

"Are you married?" James asked.

"No. I have never married, and now," he sighed, "it is too late; the time has passed when I should wish to take a wife, even if my health were not already too precarious to make any woman wish to link her fortunes with mine. I have no heir, and this, James, is the reason that I have sought you out."

"But surely," James answered, "there is no reason for you to give yourself anxiety on that account at present. You are still a young man, with no doubt many years before you in which to enjoy life, and as for the future, why that will take care of itself."

"Be that as it may," his brother answered, "no one knows what a day may bring forth. I am glad that my search has been rewarded. I had practically no clue to your whereabouts; in fact, you are regarded as dead by all on the other side of the water. I only knew that you went to New York in '75, thirteen years ago, but with that knowledge I have been able to find you. I came in here this morning not daring to hope that Captain James Sinclair was the brother for whom I was searching. It is fortunate that I have seen you and satisfied myself that you are the man I have sought. Tell me, are you a married man?"

"Yes; I have the bonniest wife in all New York, and you must come home with me and be introduced to her. I have more—I have a child."

"A son?" his brother asked eagerly.

"No, a little girl, but come and see for yourself, John."

As the two men passed through the outer office Captain Sinclair said to the old clerk who was bending over his desk, "I shall not be in again to-day, Ruggles."

"Very well, sir," the old man answered, and the two gentlemen went out into the street and turned their footsteps toward Batavia Lane.

The comfortable-looking brick house which was Captain Sinclair's home was on this day, as always, in most perfect order.

There was an air of prosperity and cheerfulness about it very pleasing to those coming in out of the biting air of a day in January. Captain Sinclair led his brother to the parlor and left him to go in search of his wife, who, busy in another part of the house, was surprised to see her husband return at such an early hour.

"Why, James, have you come home so early? There's nothing wrong, I hope," she asked anxiously, looking up from the mahogany bureau before which she stood putting in order, for the hundredth time, the baby's clothes.

"No, nothing wrong, Betty. I have brought a guest with me."

"A guest, and it's so near dinner time, and nothing in the house to eat," she exclaimed in dismay.

"Nothing in the house to eat! If that is true, my dear, it is the first time since we set up housekeeping," Mr. Sinclair answered, laughing.

"Oh, well, you know what I mean, James; of course there's our ordinary fare, but nothing prepared that we should wish to set before a guest."

"Whether we wish it or not, Betty, we must offer him what we should have ourselves, and as he has thought it worth while to come home with me at a moment's notice, he must accept what there is to be had."

Betty closed the bureau drawer and began bustling about the room. She took the keys from a basket on the table and was going down to search through her storeroom where she always had a supply of dainties reserved for an emergency.

Her husband stopped her. "You have not asked the name of our guest, Betty."

"No, I was too flustered to ask questions. I can only think of feeding the poor soul. But who is he?" she went on, seeing her husband's amused expression.

"He is some one to whom you must accord a warm welcome, Betty; it is my brother, John."

Betty sank down into the nearest chair. "Really!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, really, Betty, my brother John, the Earl of Caithness, who it seems has not been content to let the rumor of my total



disappearance answer as an actual obituary notice. Having a desire to know the truth, he has come all the way across the ocean to seek me. You see our wish to keep the secret to ourselves was useless."

Betty smiled. "Since he has come, dear, of his own free will, we must accept the situation. Do you find him much changed, James?"

"Changed? Yes; we have all changed in these many years; but hurry down now. I want my brother to see the little wife who is so good to me. I will go back to the parlor, and you must join me as soon as you can."

He kissed her tenderly, then left the room, and Betty hurried to the storeroom and selected the dainties which she thought would be most acceptable to their guest. She gave orders to the cook and housemaid, and then ran up stairs to put on a fresh gown and cap, looked in the mirror to see that her hair was smooth, and then walked demurely down to the parlor, where her husband and his brother sat in earnest conversation.

Lord Caithness rose and came forward as he caught sight of the little figure, the smiling face and the hands extended in welcome. He could ill conceal his surprise at the sight of this lovely creature who, as her husband said, "John, this is my little wife," made a curtsy, saying:

"My husband's brother is very welcome. I am happy indeed to see him in our home."

"And I am more than happy to meet my brother's wife," Lord Caithness answered, bowing over the little hand with old-fashioned courtesy. "He is a fortunate man to have won so fair a wife, and I congratulate him from the bottom of my heart."

Betty smiled and blushed with pleasure, and James said proudly:

"I told you, John, I had the bonniest wife in all New York, and she is more than that—she is the best."

"I can only envy you your good fortune," his brother said. "Had I my life to live over again, I should try to find a lovely woman to share my fortunes, and," he added with a sigh, "to give me an heir. There is my greatest regret; for, as the years go on, I realize what it means to have no child of my own to whom the



title will descend, whose interest in the past and hope in the future would centre about our birthplace, and who would carry on the family traditions."

"But it is not yet too late," James said. "We may yet hear of your marrying and rearing a family."

"No, James; no hope of that, and for that reason I have been desirous of finding you; for of course you, being next of kin, should be Earl of Caithness when I am gone."

James shook his head impatiently. "No, no; not that. Had I remained in Scotland that would of course have been the natural order of things; but now my fortunes are irrevocably entwined with those of this young Republic."

Here dinner was announced, and they all proceeded to the dining-room, where their guest did full justice to Betty's generous hospitality, praising the repast that was set before them to her heart's content.

"You must come and stay with us while you are in New York," James and Betty both urged, and so it was arranged, and for a month John Sinclair remained his brother's guest.

Little Elizabeth received more attention from him than a baby generally gets from a bachelor uncle, and frequently did he express regret for her sex. "If she were a boy I would adopt the child," he said.

But James and Betty only laughed.

## CHAPTER IX.

One day in the early part of February, William Morell, who had now become acquainted with the Earl of Caithness, proposed that he should go with him to New Rochelle, and when Betty heard of it she decided that it would be a good plan for James and herself and little Elizabeth to make the journey and remain a few days with her mother. So they left the New York house, and, accompanied by the child's nurse, a sturdy, faithful Scotch-woman, they went down to the country place.

Mrs. William Morrell, Betty's mother, was an ambitious woman, and her head was a little turned by the advent of a person of title, who was not only her guest but the brother of her son-in-law; and when she heard Lord Caithness regret, as he constantly did, the lack of an heir, she became possessed of the desire to have little Elizabeth take a place among the nobility of Great Britain. So she broached the idea to the Earl, who at first received it rather coldly, but gradually the notion took root in his own mind, and he determined to speak to the parents and try to persuade them to let him take the child with him on his return to Scotland.

When Betty heard this she held up her hands in horror. Separate her from her child! Let the baby go across the water—away from its own people! The idea was not to be thought of; and she hugged her closer to her breast as if to keep her safe from all who would attempt to come between herself and it. And James Sinclair was no less opposed to the plan.

It is difficult to understand how it came about; but certain it is that after a few days spent at New Rochelle, when the subject had been talked over for hours together, and the advantages which would accrue to little Elizabeth had been made patent, the opposition of both parents was overruled, and they gave their consent to part with the baby long enough for Lord Caithness to take her to Scotland, and so give a living proof of her existence to his mother and sisters and all others concerned. The Scotch nurse was greatly delighted with the plan. It would give her an opportunity, such as she never thought to have, of visiting her

old home, and she promised to give every care to the little one. So it was arranged that when Lord Caithness sailed for Scotland the latter part of the month of February, he should take little Elizabeth with him.

Captain Sinclair, meantime, having been obliged to go on another voyage, sailed for the West Indies; and it was decided that Betty should remain with her parents till she became accustomed to the child's absence.

Lord Caithness, with the nurse and child, left New Rochelle for New York, intending to spend a couple of days in the latter place before going aboard the vessel which was to take them to Liverpool. Amid tears and general heartache, they departed; and Betty settled down sadly to count the days till she could hear of their arrival on the other side.

But, as an anti-climax to this curious affair, little Elizabeth lifted up her voice and wailed from the moment they left New Rochelle till they reached New York; she screamed as they drove through the streets of New York; she howled when they reached the hotel. In vain did the nurse try to quiet her; not catnip tea nor anise, nor all the soothing syrups of the world, had any effect, unless to make her scream the louder; and, after twenty-four hours of this, during which her uncle learned more than he had ever learned before of infantile Sinclair self-assertion, with the thought of a long voyage before him, he, the soldier who had never flinched from facing a shower of bullets, recoiled at the notion of a six weeks', or possibly longer, sea voyage, accompanied by the vociferous hullabaloo of his small niece; and to the disgust and disappointment of the nurse, whose sorrow, however, was partially assuaged by a substantial present, he decided to send them both back to the place from whence they came.

He carried with him, when he sailed for Liverpool, the proofs of his brother's existence, as well as the attested copies of his marriage, and the birth and baptism of little Elizabeth, besides his own will, made before leaving New York, together with papers, which he proposed to put on record as soon as he reached home, so as to establish the fact that Captain James Sinclair, of New York City, was the third son of the tenth Earl of Caithness, and his own younger brother and natural successor.

His hope was that the next child of his brother would be a boy ; but the irony of fate decreed otherwise. There were three more daughters—Maria, Caroline and Jane—born to James and Elizabeth Morrell Sinclair, before either of their three sons came into the world ; and ere the birth of the first boy, John, the eleventh Earl of Caithness, had himself been gathered to his fathers.

## CHAPTER X.

When the Earl of Caithness decided to make the journey to America, he entrusted his business affairs to Sandy McBride. Sandy was the recipient of all his confidences and, in his position as factor, he held the keys of many family secrets. All the rattling skeletons were his familiar friends.

He received a letter from the Earl dated a fortnight before he was to sail from New York, after which came an interval of total silence, but in the month of March, 1789, a letter was received instructing Sandy to proceed to London, there to await the arrival of Lord Caithness, who was on his way back to the old country.

In those days a journey to London, from Thurso (where Sandy McBride had taken up his residence upon being appointed factor of several large estates), was quite a serious undertaking, and Sandy made careful preparations for the trip, which was an event in his career; as hitherto, with the exception of an occasional visit to Edinburgh or Glasgow, his entire life had been spent in the counties of Fife and Caithness.

He set out almost immediately upon receiving the summons of Lord Caithness, racking his brain to devise a reason which would account for his having been sent for, and wondering if it could be possible that by any chance trace had been found of the long-lost brother James.

He made the journey to London and put up at a quiet hotel, there to await tidings of the arrival of the American ship, and in the interval he gave free play to his imagination, which long ere this had become fairly diseased, through cherishing an inveterate hatred for a man whom he persisted in believing to be his enemy and rival.

When word came that the ship having on board the Earl of Caithness had arrived in Liverpool, Sandy McBride prepared for his reception at the lodgings in London, which was his usual abiding place during his visits to the metropolis, and there he was waiting to receive his Lordship when he arrived in the early part of the month of April.

It was, nevertheless, a shock to Sandy when the Earl, alighting from the coach by which he came, showed himself greatly changed in appearance. The voyage had been a long and tempestuous one, and Lord Caithness, whose health had already been undermined by his experiences during the Revolutionary War, was in no condition to cope with the elements of disease and death by which he found himself attacked. Added to this, the servant who had accompanied him on his journey to America, had died on the return voyage, and been buried at sea a few days before reaching Liverpool; a fact which added to his dejection, for he had been really attached to the man, and had seen his body lowered over the side of the ship with genuine sorrow.

Upon reaching his rooms in the London hotel, Lord Caithness went at once to bed, and the doctors who were summoned pronounced that his days were numbered. Sandy was most assiduous in his care, never leaving him for an unnecessary moment, but professing the utmost attachment to him and the deepest grief for his condition, he remained beside him day and night.

The fire had burnt low in the grate, and the glacial air, which marks the change from the blackness of night to early dawn, and penetrates to the very marrow of one's bones, made Sandy shiver as he regarded the prostrate form of the once strong man which lay extended helplessly upon the bed.

There was a slight movement of the body, and a faint voice asked, "Sandy, are you there?"

"Yes, my Lord; I have never left you."

"Sandy, you will find the keys in my portmanteau—the keys to my despatch box. Take—out the—papers; they are—important."

"Yes, my Lord."

"They relate to the succession, Sandy. I have found—my brother—James."

Sandy bent down over the prostrate form, his breath came quickly, his hands trembled, the cold sweat started from his forehead, and he fixed his eyes on the face of the dying man with an intense look, as if he would wring from him the innermost secrets of his passing soul.

"You must take them home—Sandy—they will—explain themselves—you will see that—all is—attended to ——"

"You can trust me, my Lord; but surely there is no need of ——"

"Yes, Sandy; my time—has come—I am—dying—I know—I know ——" He tried to take Sandy's hand. "Faithful servant—thank —— God's will be—done."

He turned his face away, and his breathing became more difficult. Sandy tried to raise him, but it was of no avail. The head sank back upon the pillow, the eyes glazed, the limbs stiffened, and as the first gray streaks of dawn stole across the morning sky, on the 8th day of April, 1789, the earthly career of John Sinclair, eleventh Earl of Caithness, forever closed.

Sandy straightened the dead form, crossed the hands over the inanimate breast; and then—for no time was to be lost—turned his attention to the portmanteau, which stood at the foot of the bed. He opened it wide, took out the familiar old despatch box covered with rusty, faded morocco, and carrying it towards the fireplace, placed it on the table. He had found the keys in a tiny receptacle at one side of the portmanteau, and now he fitted one to the lock, which turned clumsily, for it had become somewhat rusty in the damp air of the sea.

The hands of Sandy McBride shook as he glanced around fearfully, and the candle flickered and spluttered beside him. He went to the table near the bed and, taking up a flask, poured a quantity of Scotch whiskey into a glass, which he gulped down feverishly; then, taking another candle from the chimney-piece, he lighted it by the expiring flame of the first, noticing, with Scotch superstition, the winding sheets that were guttering the dying light.

In the top of the despatch box was a small book, in which the Earl had written a brief account of his travels and the meeting with his brother; and there were notes upon his visit to Captain James Sinclair's home and the journey to New Rochelle. There was also the Earl's will, besides a small sheaf of neatly written papers tied together with legal red tape. These Sandy spread out on the table before him—the attested copies of the



marriage certificate of James Sinclair and Elizabeth Morrell, the certificates of birth and baptism of little Elizabeth.

Sandy's face blanched; a fierce look came into the eyes, under the overhanging brows, as he carefully read through each paper and realized its full significance. After having been lost to the world for more than thirteen years, James Sinclair was found, and it rested with him—Sandy McBride—to prove the fact.

"Ah, Mr. James Sinclair," he muttered under his breath, "I've lived to see the day when I can take my revenge." His voice sounded strangely, and he started guiltily. Shadows were moving in the room, and it seemed as if the silent figure on the bed was conscious of what was taking place. Hurriedly gathering up the sheets, Sandy went to the grate, raked the embers apart, and thrusting the papers down into the heart of the fire, saw them catch and flame and then curl up into charred and blackened cinders.

Once more he turned the pages of the little red book, realized the full meaning of the story written therein, and then it, too, was consigned to the flames. Of all the evidence Earl John had gathered with such care and trouble, and for which he had paid with his very life, there soon remained only a tiny heap of ashes, while another family secret was added to the malevolent treasury of Sandy McBride.

Soon after, the remains of John, eleventh Earl of Caithness, were returned to earth, and the Castle at Rattar was without a master.

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But Sandy McBride had still other work to do. He had vowed that there should be no sign left of his old enemy. James Sinclair had vanished and all trace of his existence should be hereafter as the grain of sand swept by the ocean tide beyond all recovery or recognition.

Sandy was appointed guardian by the Courts during the period of waiting for the parliamentary decision, and all books and papers passed through his hands; he kept the records; he knew how to destroy all tell-tale memoranda. James



Sinclair had been gone more than thirteen years, and Sandy McBride would see to it that to future generations he should be not even a name. He rubbed his hands together, and shook his head as he bent over his books. He would do his best; he would be a faithful steward. Those who came after should have no cause to complain. Rather, if they knew, would they admit that they owed everything to him.

\* \* \* \* \*

One rainy, dismal afternoon in the month of June, as it happened, on the very anniversary of the day when James Sinclair and Mary Murray had stood as witnesses to the baptism of Dr. Smith's child at Olrig; Sandy McBride went to the rectory of the parish, and asked to be permitted to see the records. No objection was offered by the woman having in charge the keys of the church. She knew the factor, and that he had the legal right to examine the books, and she gave him the keys, only making some passing remark about the weather, and wondering that he should have chosen so dismal a day for going into the church, which was damp enough to set the rheumatism fast in one's bones.

"Oh, the weather doesn't trouble me, Mrs. Ramsay," said Sandy. "I'm used to all kinds, and this will not take me long. I'll bring you back the keys directly."

He went across the street and under the arched gateway in the wall which surrounded the little churchyard. The dead who were sleeping there would tell no tales. He went into the vestry and approached the place where the records were kept, closing the door behind him. Then, taking out a volume, the leaves of which hung loosely between its covers, and turning over the pages, he ran his eyes along till he found that for which he was looking—the records of the birth and baptism of James, third son of William, tenth Earl of Caithness.

Sandy's hands trembled. He took a penknife from his pocket and hastily placing it between the leaves, cut the thread which held them in place, and slipping a page to one side, folded it deftly, stooping as if to look closer at the written words. Then, once more glancing round to be sure that he was unobserved, he

closed his hand tightly over the paper, and so, with seeming carelessness, put it in his pocket. He returned the book to its place, and smiled grimly, saying to himself, "That's easy done." In less than half an hour from the time when he had borrowed the keys from Mrs. Ramsay he returned them to her custody.

"You see it didn't take long, Mrs. Ramsay ; no rheumatism from so short a time among the books."

"Indeed you have been quick, Mr. McBride. I hope you found what you wanted."

"Yes, all that is necessary, thank you. Good afternoon," and he walked rapidly away. When he got half a mile from the village, where he could look down over the bay and see the ships that were passing far out to sea, he sat down, and, finding that no one was in sight, he took his pipe from his pocket and lighted it. Then he brought out the paper that meant so much to him—the leaf of the Register of the Parish—looked at it once more, set fire to it by the light of his pipe, and said, as he saw it burn, "And so, Mr. James Sinclair, I think that is the last that will be heard of you."

\* \* \* \* \*

John Sinclair, eleventh Earl of Caithness, having died intestate, and no evidence having been produced to show that James Sinclair, his younger brother and natural heir, was living, his mother, Barbara, Lady Caithness, took out letters of administration on his estate, in conjunction with her two daughters, Janet and Isabella.

\* \* \* \* \*

For four long years the return of the missing James was awaited, and during this time Sandy McBride was retained in his position. He was faithful in the performance of his duties; and, "after four years of doubt and interregnum, Sir James Sinclair of Mey, Baronet, as twelfth Earl, born the 31st of October, 1766, was found entitled to the honors, on the 4th of May, 1793."\*

\* From Burke's Peerage for 1899.

1893 See p. 27

1904 " 90

## CHAPTER XI.

At No. 28 Catherine Street, New York, in the year 1819, James Sinclair was dying. For years he and his faithful Betty had lived together, doing the work which had been laid out for them, and they had seen little Elizabeth and their other children grow up, and some of them marry and in their turn become parents. The effect of many long and dangerous voyages had told upon the health of Captain Sinclair; and when he returned from the last, it was only too evident to those about him that the fatal disease, consumption, had set its seal upon him.

Betty bore up bravely under the trouble, and devoted herself to caring for her husband day and night; and in some of the long hours which they spent together they reviewed the events of their past lives. James talked much of his early Scottish home, and Betty learned more of his family and youthful surroundings than she had ever known before.

"I should like to have seen the place," Betty said one day, "though from your descriptions I seem to know it well."

"I wish I might have taken you there, my dear," James answered, "but perhaps it is better as it is; you know we determined to let the past remain a closed book. I have never regretted leaving Scotland. Of course, I think of what I resigned sometimes, but I never regret it."

"Nor I," Betty answered. "We have been very happy, dear, and when I look at our children with the grandchildren about them, I feel that it is better for them and theirs that we have remained thoroughgoing Americans. Girls over here, especially those in the position of our grandchildren, are very fortunate; and, as for boys, except in the case of the eldest son, there seems little to tempt those to take up life in Scotland who have the opportunities that America offers."

"Elizabeth is the eldest of our children," said Captain Sinclair. "I want her to have my portrait; you know she has always seemed to care for it more than the others, and, to tell the truth," he added, "though she is a loyal American, I can see that she is proud of her birth, and perhaps she even regrets a little

that I have not laid more stress upon the fact of my descent. I wish to do what I can to make up to her for what I feel she would have valued. Of course, if she had been a boy, I might have thought differently about going back to the old country."

"It's no use thinking of that, dear; it was so long before the boys came; four girls following one after the other, none of whom could succeed, as the title and estates only descend in the male line, made it easier for us to put the idea of Scotland behind us."

The invalid rose from his chair, and going to an old-fashioned secretary in one corner of the room, he opened a secret drawer, and, taking from it the seal which his mother had hung about his neck so many years before, came over to where Betty was sitting and, settling himself in the great winged arm-chair beside her, held out the fob for her inspection.

"This, Betty," he said, "is the seal my mother gave me when I left home."

She took it and, looking at it rather carelessly, said, "Yes, James; I know it is, of course; you have worn it so long it would be strange if I did not."\*

"You are right, Betty, you are right," James returned, and resting his head in his hand, his elbows on the arm of the chair, he remained for a few moments absorbed in thought.

"When I am gone, Betty, —"

She drew nearer to him and took his hand.

"When I am gone," he continued, "I would like Elizabeth's oldest son, Andrew, to have this seal."

Betty turned away her face to conceal the tears that she

\*Among the possessions of James Sinclair was a seal, on which was engraved a coat-of-arms. At his death the seal passed to his wife, Elizabeth (Morrell) Sinclair; then to her grandson, Andrew Garr; then to his sister, Fanny (Garr) Hubbard; then to its present owner, her grandniece, Jeannette (Payson) LeGhait, daughter of Fanny (Washburn) Payson.

The arms engraved on the seal are as follows:

Quarterly: 1st and 4th, azure, a ship at anchor, sails furled, within a double tressure flory counterflory or; 2d and 3d, Or, a lion rampant gules; over all dividing the quarters a cross engrailed quarterly argent and sable.

Crest: A cock proper.

Motto: Commit thy work to God.

could not keep from rising to her eyes, but a moment later she answered, bravely,

"It shall be as you wish, dear."

"I have left everything to you," he went on. "There will be enough to keep you."

"It will not be very long, James," she said, laying her head against the arm of his chair, while he smoothed her hair caressingly

"No," he answered. "I shall come for you soon. I don't think I could get on even in heaven without you, Betty."

Did I ever tell you the curious story of the death of Mr. Sinclair, the Thurso merchant?"

"I don't remember it," Betty replied.

"It can hardly be said to have been a family ghost, though it was to the wife of Mr. Sinclair that the ghost appeared. It was much talked of at the time and the story has become a familiar tradition."

"It must have been a real ghost to have made such an impression," said Betty.

"It was," James said, sitting up straight in his chair and looking into the fire. "Mr. Sinclair had business in the country which made it necessary to cross the river and go a long distance. He left his wife at home, and in the afternoon several of her friends came in from the neighborhood to keep her company. A severe storm came on, rattling the windows and even shaking the foundations of the house, but they were all used to these storms and so were not alarmed. However, as night approached, Mrs. Sinclair left the room to go up-stairs; as she came down she was surprised to meet her husband on the stairs, and he appeared to be very wet. He did not speak, and she went on down stairs, and ordered the maid to make a fire in Mr. Sinclair's bedroom. The maid went to the room, but her master was nowhere to be seen; she lighted the fire, and coming down told Mrs. Sinclair that her husband was not there."

"Surely you must be mistaken," Mrs. Sinclair said. "I met him going up as I came down the stairs a quarter of an hour ago."

"A search of the house, however, failed to show any trace

of Mr. Sinclair, and all became alarmed. The old ladies began to tell ghost stories, and every one was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. Night wore on, but Mr. Sinclair did not appear, and the next day it was learned that in attempting to ford the stream, in his anxiety to return to Thurso, a sudden spate in the water had drowned both horse and rider. Ever since, that place in the river has gone by the name of Sinclair's Pool."

"I believe," said Betty, "that those things occur not infrequently."

"We cannot understand how it is," James answered, "but there is a power working outside the ordinary everyday world, which we are forced to recognize, even though we cannot explain it."

"And I believe our dead are often very near to us," Betty added, "though we cannot see them with our earthly eyes."

"We know, at any rate," Captain Sinclair answered, "that they are waiting for us on the other side."

\* \* \* \* \*

A week later James Sinclair was dead.

The New York *Evening Post*, of Saturday, June 12, 1819, contained the following notice:

"Died. This morning, Captain James Sinclair, an old and respected Shipmaster. His friends and acquaintances are requested to attend his funeral to-morrow afternoon at 5 o'clock from his home, No. 28 Catherine Street. The Marine Society is particularly invited."

A transcript from the record of deaths reported to the Department of Health, City of New York, is as follows: "James Sinclair. Died June 12, 1819. Age, 65 years. Birthplace, Scotland. Place of death, 28 Catharine Street. Cause of death, consumption. Place of burial, Presbyterian Cemetery."

Captain Sinclair's funeral was largely attended by the members of the Marine Society and of the St. Andrew's Society, of which he had become a member in 1803, as well as by many friends of the family; and when the last tribute of respect had been paid, Betty returned to her lonely home.

## CHAPTER XII.

In the year 1745, near the little village of Auchencairn, in Gallowayshire, Scotland, was born Andrew Garr (or Girr, as we are told the name was at that time). He grew to young manhood, and went to England, where he married, and his wife, dying, left him a child named Andrew Sheffield Garr. When this child was three years old, Mr. Garr decided to seek his fortune in America.

In 1790 he was living in Cherry Street, New York City, and prospering in his business. He soon became the owner of much property; he had extensive shipyards on the East River, and at the foot of Rutgers Street, as well as on Water Street, and he owned a lumber yard near Catherine Slip.

His son Andrew was an intelligent lad, with a great capacity for learning, and while very young he entered Columbia College, and graduated from the School of Arts in 1796.

Among the intimate friends of the Garrs, were the families of William Morrell and of Captain James Sinclair, who had married Elizabeth Morrell in 1787. The daughter of Captain and Mrs. Sinclair and young Andrew S. Garr, growing up almost side by side, and having the same interests, the same tastes and the same friends, found themselves so much in sympathy that, in the year 1805, they drew nearer the tie which bound the two families together by marrying. As time went on, they brought into the world a numerous family; five sons and eight daughters bore the Garr name, and Andrew S. Garr, prospering as years went by, became one of New York's well-known and highly respected citizens. He was "one of the most astute lawyers as he was pre-eminently the most skilful special pleader of his day." He was always most democratic in his tastes, never forgetting that his father's father had come of humble parentage in Scotland, and rather glorying in being himself one of America's free and equal sons. He thought it no cause for congratulation that his wife's father should have been of noble descent, and rather considered the fact one to be hidden from sight. When, as she sometimes did, Mrs. Garr would plume herself upon her ancestry, she was apt to receive a severe snubbing; so that feeling



more inclined for peace than for facing her husband's irritability she gradually ceased to bring the matter forward. Not that she ever forgot it, and when, after the death of her parents, she came into possession of the portrait of her father, Captain James Sinclair, she hung it in a conspicuous place, and was fond of saying, when her husband's back was turned, "My father was a younger son of the Earl of Caithness."

The picture was three-quarter length, and represented Captain Sinclair as a very handsome man, with his hair powdered and tied in a queue, black velvet coat and white satin waistcoat, a lace jabot, and wide lace hanging over his hands. He was seated at a table with a chart before him, and a pair of compasses in one hand, apparently marking his route. He was distinguished in appearance.

As the children grew up, they were inclined to lay stress upon their descent from the nobility of Great Britain, and one morning at breakfast Andrew, the eldest son, to whom the seal of his grandfather had been given, and who wore it as a fob, ventured to suggest in his father's presence that the family assume the Sinclair coat-of-arms.

The idea was of course absurd, but young America was beginning to find ways of its own, and did not trouble itself in the least to follow in the foot-steps of the old country. Seals being the fashion at that time, many a person had a device of some kind cut upon a fob or a ring, and chose "a pretty motto," coming from no matter where, thereby making endless trouble for their descendants who, years after, in all good faith, would attempt to look up the family antecedents with these things as guides, and be nonplussed to find that, in present-day parlance, "there was nothing in it."

Mrs. Garr was still very pretty and vivacious; she inherited, to a marked degree, the French traits of the Morrells, and was greatly admired by all her children. She sat one morning at the breakfast table at the house in Broadway, looking the picture of peace and prosperity; the pink strings of her lace cap were most becoming to her delicate complexion, and her hair, but faintly tinged with grey, was thick and glossy. Her small, delicate hands were busy among the furnishings of the tea-tray, and she looked with



pride at the lately acquired service of Colonial silver with ebony handles, which her husband had lately presented to her, when, after arguing a celebrated case, he found himself in possession of a most liberal fee.

"Mother," said Andrew, the eldest son, "you should have the Sinclair coat-of-arms engraved on every piece."

"Of course," said George; "what's the use of belonging to a noble family and not letting the world know it?"

"All our friends are having crests and coats-of-arms on their silver and on the panels of their carriages," put in Julia, "and I am sure we have a better right to do so than most of them."

"Yes; and a good many of them are like that of Jeanette's admirer," said Andrew.

"What was that?" asked Octavia.

"Don't you know?" said Andrew. "Well, you certainly have not kept up with the family history. Why, Jeannette had an admirer whose father was an actor."

"Such a good-looking man," said Julia. "I always thought it was a pity he was given the cold shoulder—crest or no crest."

"But the story; do let Andrew go on with it, what's the use of always interrupting?" said Fanny.

"The story is," continued Andrew, "that father didn't fancy the man, he had a great objection to the theatrical profession; but this person was very persistent, and, at last, appeared one evening with a portfolio in which was his genealogical chart and the family coat-of-arms. He left the portfolio and its contents to be examined at leisure; but, unluckily, he forgot to take away a note from a man in London who had got up the whole thing, and who said if Mr. H. was not satisfied with the coat-of-arms he would make another!"

"Yes," said Mr. Garr; "I remember it well, and I was glad to put the young man to confusion; he never bothered us after that."

"Well, I see no reason for not making use of ours," said Andrew. "Grandfather was very proud of the seal, and always wore it."

"At least his name was Sinclair," said Mr. Garr; "he didn't dress himself up in borrowed plumage. He was a sensible man,

who realized that coats-of-arms used in this country, and all nonsense of that kind, are entirely foreign—un-American to the last degree—and he never would have had it engraved on his silver. Don't be putting such foolish ideas into the heads of your brothers and sisters, Andrew."

"When I was in Scotland," Andrew began —

"When you were in Scotland," his father said angrily, "remember that you also visited your father's people; you never seem to care to allude to that. Captain John Girr of Auchencairn was an honest man, who had the respect of all who knew him. My father sent him money to help finish the building of his house, which he named Bunker Hill, as it was built shortly after that battle was fought. For years he lived there with his sisters, Grizzel and Ann, and when you talk of Scotland be sure you tell of your father's people there."

"I don't see what that has to do with the coat-of-arms."

"Well, I see, but if you choose to make a fool of yourself I can't help it, you're of age; do as you please! Have a coat-of-arms on your carriage door, but be sure you have on one side a half-built ship—don't forget the shipyards—they've been the making of the family!"

Mr. Garr pushed back his chair impatiently and left the room, leaving the others to finish the conversation.

"Don't rub your father the wrong way, Andrew," Mrs. Garr said. "He can't bear to remember that my father's family was of noble origin; and after all, it's not worth while making ourselves uncomfortable. I think myself it would be most ungracious to put the Sinclair coat-of-arms on the silver that father has just given me; it is enough that I have one of the handsomest services in New York—that will show for itself. Mrs. Delaplaine's won't compare with it," she added, tossing her head. "I suppose there are a few handsomer ones—the Van Rensselaers and Beekmans, probably wouldn't think much of this beside their family heirlooms."

"Mother," said Lizzie, the eldest daughter, who was also her mother's right hand, "isn't it time to be thinking of making the preparations for New Year's Day?"

"It certainly is," Mrs. Garr replied. "We'll talk it over

while we're washing up the breakfast things." And while the rest of the party went their different ways, Mrs. Garr and Lizzie waited for the maid to clear the table and bring in the brass-bound cedar tubs preparatory to the usual morning custom.

The portraits of Andrew Garr and his wife looked down from the walls upon mother and daughter. They could hardly be called works of art, though they were possibly fair likenesses of the couple. Mrs. Garr wore a huge turban and long ear-rings, while Mr. Garr was dressed in a black coat with high-rolling collar, a ruffled shirt and a high stock and dicky. Mrs. Garr seated herself in the high chair which she always occupied at table, for its additional height gave her greater advantage when pouring the tea and coffee. She did the carving also, her husband sitting at her right hand. He seldom took part in the conversation that went on. This morning it was only the irritating subject broached which had caused him to speak, and ended in his leaving the room in high dudgeon.

"I wish father wasn't so huffy about the coat-of-arms," his wife said, as she dipped the coffee pot into the hot water and then handed it to her daughter to be wiped.

"It would be more comfortable," Lizzie replied; "but I suppose the best thing to do is to leave the subject alone."

"Yes; it's the only thing to do, and we'd better try to forget my family antecedents altogether."

"After all, mother," Lizzie returned, "it doesn't seem to have been difficult for your family to forget you."

"No; it certainly was not," Mrs. Garr sighed; "and so far as the distant connections were concerned, they of course *wanted* to forget my father. Think what a difference his not being found made to the cousins who inherited! Naturally, they were willing that any search made should be only that in name; they *had to wait four years* as it was before they came into possession, and my father was willing enough to remain *perdu*; he made no attempt to assert himself. Gradually the whole matter dropped, and but for the interest Andrew has taken in the curious story, it would never have been revived. It has been the same way with many families who have settled in this country. The Virginia Fairfaxes, for instance, took no steps to enforce their claim to the

barony.\* But, to change the subject, I think, Lizzie, that I will have enough New Year's cakes made to treat all those boys who work in the factory in the back street."

"That is just like you, mother. It will be a heavy baking."

"Yes, I know; suppose you and I do it ourselves, as Chloe has so much on hand, and we can give the cookies to the boys this evening when they are going home from work."

\* \* \* \* \*

The snow was beginning to fall, and by six o'clock on the last day of the year everything was hidden under a fleecy white covering. A messenger had been sent to the factory to ask that the boys should stop at Mrs. Garr's on their way home after work, and as the street lamps were lighted, thirty or forty little urchins appeared before No. 505 Broadway. Mrs. Garr opened the front door and Chloe and the parlor-maid carried out to the stoep a huge clothes basket piled high with freshly baked New Year's cookies, light and crisp, with caraway seeds dotting their roughened surface; their appetizing fragrance was wafted on the cold air to the nostrils of the expectant children who came hurrying forward. Mrs. Garr and the maids distributed the cookies, wishing the children "Happy New Year," and when the basket was emptied and the last boy was turning away with his hands full, one of the older ones called out "Three cheers for Mrs. Garr," and caps were thrown in the air and three times three cheers were given with hearty good will.

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\*An article in the *Court Circular* of January 4, 1902, in an account of "The Barony of Fairfax," says, after telling of the succession of Mr. Albert Kirby Fairfax: "It should be explained that not everyone of Mr. Fairfax's ancestors who succeeded to this title took steps to enforce his claim; in fact it seems to have been rather the exception than the rule in this family."

## CHAPTER XIII.

"There is nothing so difficult to describe as happiness. Whether some feeling of envy enters into the mind upon hearing of it, or whether it is so calm, so unassuming, so little ostentatious in itself that words give an imperfect idea of it, I know not. It is easier to enjoy it than to define it. It springs in the heart and shows itself on the countenance, but it shuns all display and is oftener found at home, when home has not been embittered by dissensions, suspicions or guilt, than anywhere else upon earth. Yes, it is in home, and those who watch there for us. Miserable is the being who turns elsewhere for consolation. Desolate is the heart which has broken the ties that bound it there."\*

Mrs. Garr put down the book from which she had been reading. Julia, Jeannette and Kate were busily at work embroidering gay flowers on the black cloth that was to form the covering for the new parlor chairs.

"Lady Caroline Lamb wrote with great feeling. I hope, girls, you will take her words to heart. Home ties are those upon which we can count. All others are but fleeting."

It was evening. The lamps were lighted and the portrait of Captain James Sinclair, *the portrait par excellence*, was thrown out in relief against the crimson paper with which the drawing-room walls were hung. The high bookcases contained standard works; a few well-chosen novels and volumes of poetry. "Glenarvon" was one of the favorites, and "Clarissa Harlowe," "Evelina" and the "Sorrows of Werther," showed by their well-worn backs that they also were often read by the family gathered in winter evenings about the centre-table.

Julia seated herself at the piano and striking the keys, all joined their voices together in singing "Home, Sweet Home," following it up with "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls," "The Last Rose of Summer," and "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," and when the singing ceased, she kept on playing—von Weber's "Last Waltz," "The Bird Waltz," and a dozen old-fashioned tunes and ballads that were the popular airs of the

\* "Glenarvon," by Lady Caroline Lamb.

day. At last she left the instrument and seated herself beside her mother, who was resting in the old-fashioned armchair by the fire.

"Is everything ready for to-morrow?" she asked.

"Yes, Julia; I think nothing has been forgotten. Lizzie and I have been very busy helping Chloe, and I think nothing will be found wanting when our friends come to wish us a Happy New Year. I hope the egg-nog will be as good as last year; but that, of course, has to be made in the morning. I don't think the receipt can be improved upon; we have used it for a great many years. Of course the cakes are perfect, and I had a new sack of coffee sent home yesterday."

"There's always something about your coffee, mother, a little better than any other," Jeannette answered, and as Lizzie came in she said, "Liz., aren't you about tired out? you've been working all day."

"Yes, I've been working hard; but I feel repaid for my trouble. I am sure no one will have a more bountiful or better collation to offer their friends to-morrow than our own. I think the weather has moderated," she added, as she sank into a chair and held her hands up before the blazing fire.

Julia laughed. "I am sure it is not so cold where you are now, as where you have come from."

"I just went up to see that the water was put where it would not break the pitchers in the night. You know what a deluge we had last year when everything froze."

"It is to be hoped that nothing of the sort will happen again," Mrs. Garr said, "but hadn't we better get to bed, so as to be down in good time to prepare for our New Year's guests. We are likely to have a great number, I am told."

In another hour all the members of the household had retired, that is, all except Mr. Garr, who came in late and went straight to his study at the top of the house. This room was filled with books, the walls were lined from floor to ceiling with heavy volumes, others were piled on the floor, and a table between the windows was loaded with books and papers, over which he sometimes sat poring for hours, after the other members of the family were in bed. To-night the girls in the next



room heard him praying aloud, as was his custom; and soon after the old year died, giving its place to the new.

Morning came; everyone was awake at an early hour; and after breakfast was over, and all had wished each other a Happy New Year, and spoken gratefully of the twelve months now counted among the past—after many good resolutions had been made—especially by the younger ones, preparations were hurriedly completed for the reception, which was such a pleasant feature in those days of the life in old New York.

The table in the back parlor was loaded down by the weight of the collation, set out with old-fashioned hospitality for the expected New Year's callers. A great bowl of egg-nog, of Mrs. Garr's own preparing, stood, surrounded by many glasses, at one end of the table, while at the other the coffee urn kept hot the mixed Java and Mocha, whose fragrance filled the entire house. New Year's cookies were piled high on stands of Lowestoft, and the Sheffield cake baskets were loaded with cake of darkest and richest hue. Huge plates of twisted and sugared crullers were on either side of the table, and the old cut-glass decanters, filled with port and sherry, were many times refilled in the course of the day. There were sandwiches, too, but no bonbons and no flowers; those latter-day luxuries were at that time almost undreamed of. As for ices, they were for dinners and balls; no one had ever yet thought of serving them in the morning.

By eleven o'clock Mrs. Garr and her daughters were in the front parlor ready to receive their guests. Mrs. Garr, looking almost as young as her girls, wore a heavy pearl-grey satin, set off by a deep collar of Honiton; the same lace hung over her delicate hands, one of which carried a fine lace handkerchief and the other an old-fashioned fan with cupids painted on it. The girls were dressed in light, figured silks, and wore lace and muslin fichus or collarettes, and their skirts had many flounces and ruffles, while black lace mitts were worn upon their hands.

The sun was shining brightly outside; and the sound of sleigh bells, of teams being driven rapidly backwards and forwards, of cheerful greetings and "Happy New Year," could be heard, as the streets woke to the realization that the New Year had begun in earnest.

Mr. Garr and his sons were hardly off for their different rounds of calls, when sleighs began stopping before their own door. Old friends of Mr. and Mrs. Garr, and of their parents, came to exchange greetings, and to speak of the topics of the day, of the coming of Charles Kemble, and his daughter, Frances Anne, to the Park Theatre, where they were playing to crowded houses, and had been received with the greatest enthusiasm; of the next Bachelors' Ball, which was expected to be something quite exceptional in its way, and at which the Misses Garr were sure to be in great demand. Young men came by the score to pay their tribute of respect to Mrs. Garr, and of admiration to her stylish, striking-looking daughters. The egg-nog bowl was filled again and again.

"I assure you, Mrs. Garr, that there is no receipt in New York to compare with yours," said Mr. Gregory, as he drained a third glass and placed it reluctantly on the sideboard, refusing another on the plea that the day was still young, and many other houses must be visited.

"And not only Mrs. Garr's egg-nog is perfection, but I have it on my wife's authority that her New Year's cakes are unsurpassed," said Mr. Delafield, helping himself to another, which he ate with much satisfaction.

"I shall ask Jeannette to pour me a cup of that fragrant coffee," said Charles O'Connor, who stood near where the girls were filling the delicate French china cups, painted with pink and blue morning glories; and Judge Cooper, who had come up from Middletown, Connecticut, for the day, said: "I'll have a cup of coffee, too, Janet. (He always called her Janet.) I'm afraid to take anything stronger from your hands."

"Why, Judge Cooper?" Jeannette asked innocently, opening wide her big brown eyes.

"Why? my dear; you know well enough why. I've not forgotten how you used to mix my toddy; it used to be just a *leettle* bit strong."

Jeannette laughed, remembering a certain night when a neighbor of Judge Cooper's had found such difficulty in getting home after one of her famous toddies, that he had walked for an hour, round and round a clump of trees near her sister's



house, which ever after had gone by the name of "Glover's Clump."

Mr. Livingston, who just then arrived, stopped to shake hands with the wife of his old friend, before wending his way to the back parlor, where many had already gathered about the merry group of girls, who were such favorites with both old and young.

"You are looking handsomer than ever, Mrs. Garr," said Philip Hone, who had an eye for the details of a lady's costume, as well as for a beautiful face. "What a hole it must make in your husband's pocket to provide so many gowns for his interesting family."

"Fortunately he was not one of those who invested in mulberry trees," Mrs. Garr returned, "though it was a temptation to see us clothed by the silk worm while reaping the enormous profits promised by those who were attacked by the 'Mulberry Mania.'"

"That has certainly been a curious delusion," Mr. Hone returned. "Everyone expected to go clothed in brocade, who believed in the visions held out by pamphlets and circulars issued on the subject of mulberry growing. Poor Grant Thorburn will never hold up his head again."

"I am afraid you are right, and that many another is in the same position. It was a curious hobby that caught and ruined so many hitherto sensibly-inclined men. I am very thankful my husband had nothing to do with it."

Then, turning to Mr. McComb (to whose daughter Andrew Garr, Jr., was paying serious attention), she said, "Tell Mary we shall be glad, at any time, to lend her the patterns for embroidering the chair seats; they are not difficult to do, but very tiresome."

"I am sure Mary will be greatly obliged by your offer, Mrs. Garr, and no doubt she will be glad to accept it," Mr. McComb answered as he passed on to give place to the genial and greatly beloved Dr. Hosack, whose advent was always an unalloyed pleasure to everyone.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was after five o'clock when the last guest took leave.

"We have never had so many New Year's callers before," said Kate.

"Bring in the cards and let us count them," said Lizzie; and when they had looked them over, and commented on all the names, congratulating themselves that hardly one among the oldest and best New York families was without its representative; after they had ascertained that there had been more than a hundred and seventy present, to exchange greetings according to the time-honored custom, they all sat down to talk over the events of the day, while they waited till Mr. Garr and his sons should return to tell their own experiences of New Year's day in old New York.

## CHAPTER XIV.

It has been said that the most expert criminals, when laying their plans, almost always leave some little thing undone by which eventually their guilt is discovered. A cheque was forged thirty years ago and gave great trouble and annoyance to a number of people, till the forger was finally found and imprisoned. He had engaged a room in an office building, which, when suspicion fell upon him, was discovered to be vacant, and apparently nothing remained to show where the former occupant had gone. A detective picked up a piece of blotting paper which lay on the floor, actually the only thing left in the room, and holding it up before a mirror, found there reflected the name and address of the forger, and by that clue was able to bring him to justice.

Sandy McBride, having free access to the Caithness books and records, and actually having it in his power to obliterate all trace of his enemy, by some curious oversight neglected to destroy one of these papers, the record in Olrig Parish Church of the baptism of the minister's child, with the names of the two witnesses, "Mr. James Sinclair (Son to Lord Caithness), and Miss Murray, of Castle Hill." *For more than a hundred and twenty-nine years*, and long after the name of James Sinclair had been buried by his Scottish kindred, this record remained inscribed in the Parish Register, and it was only by accident that its existence was at last made known to a descendant of James Sinclair.

By this clue it was proved that James Sinclair did not die in childhood as has been inferred from Henderson's "Caithness Family History." *Of the death of James Sinclair no record can be found in Scotland.*

Before the year 1894 all the members of the numerous family of Andrew Sheffield Garr and Elizabeth Sinclair had scattered. The father and mother had been long dead and their children had dispersed in various directions. All but one of their daughters—Elizabeth—had married, and so changing their names and

assuming new ties, amid different surroundings, the old ones had been put aside or forgotten. Of the five sons, only one married and had issue; the other four were dead, and had left no children to carry on their name.\*

Some years before this, however, there had come a wonderful change among the American citizens of this great Republic. A hundred and twenty-nine years ago the aim of a great number was freedom and equality. Anything in the way of superior birth or title was regarded as a positive drawback, a something to be ignored or hidden out of sight. "The rank is but the guinea's stamp, a man's a man for a' that" would have expressed the popular ideal—though at that time Burns had not written his famous lines—and a man counted for his intrinsic worth without reference to his birth and antecedents.

But gradually people began to speak of the past, and to lay stress upon the achievements of those gone before. Not only were they willing to acknowledge that they had had grandfathers, but some even went so far as to revive the memories of those who had been allowed to sink out of sight, and before long it even became the fashion to search for old records of marriages, births, baptisms and deaths. Too often the certificates were missing, for they had been carelessly kept, and sometimes carelessly recorded. One minister was in the habit of entering the marriages, deaths, etc., only once in every three or four weeks, and then did so from memory—hardly a reliable method of procedure. Many records were burned or lost; and when genealogical societies were formed and magazines began to be published on the subject of "Who's Who," great confusion resulted.

In the drawing-room of a picturesque house in Westminster, whose windows looked into the Abbey garden, across the top of a grey-stone wall, which separated it from the quiet street; here, in the autumn of 1895, where the hum and noise of London but faintly penetrated, two ladies sat in earnest conversation.

"Do you really think," asked the elder, "that this matter is of no importance? Have you no desire to preserve the records

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\* George Garr died in New York City April 16, 1898. He left two sons and two daughters.

for your children and grandchildren, which shall authenticate their affiliation with the past and link together the lives of the old and new worlds?"

"I have hardly thought about it," was the answer. "I know very little about my mother's ancestry beyond the baldest facts, and some family traditions which stand a good chance of being completely lost. I have sometimes thought I would get together what I could before all the members of the last generation who can tell me something of their own knowledge and experience are dead. But you know we Americans have been taught to believe that we are all free and equal, and my own people have generally been willing to let the present generation stand on its own merits. As Franklin said, they believe that those who speak with pride of their ancestry, simply confess their own insignificance, or words to that effect."

"Yet, from what you tell me, the record of your family must be a most interesting one," said the first speaker. "If you should think it worth while to make an investigation in order to preserve for your children the family traditions, it will be a pleasure to me to give you any help that I can. Send me the facts that you can gather, and we will see what can be made of them."

Since that day, now more than seven years ago, search has been going on, and the results have been interesting, though certain difficulties have been found almost, if not quite, impossible to overcome.

That there was a James Sinclair, third son to the tenth Earl of Caithness, is admitted. That he lived to grow up we *know* from the baptismal records in Odrig parish church. He had two brothers in America—William and John. There was no doubt whatever in the minds of the family of the American James that he was the son of the Earl of Caithness, and *there is no record of the death of Mr. James Sinclair (son to Lord Caithness) to be found in Scotland.*

The difficulty seems to lie in the fact of his not having returned to Scotland upon the death of his brother John, eleventh Earl, to claim his inheritance.

The Caithness estates having been willed away, little ap-

pears to have remained but the title, and as James Sinclair had married and was obliged to support his family, he no doubt preferred to settle in America, where the opportunities were far better than in Scotland. If he had claimed the title he would have been obliged to pay a bounty to the Crown every year, and this he could ill afford to do. Like a "canny Scot" he kept quiet, but did not renounce the inheritance, possibly thinking that one of his children might sometime be in a position to claim it.

Probably there was no very determined effort made to find him. He made his own place in New York, and there occupied an honorable position. His family would no doubt have strongly objected to going to Scotland, and all were perfectly contented with American life and American institutions.

The following letters bearing on the subject are in support of the American tradition, that the James Sinclair, who was born in (or near) Thurso, Scotland, after 1755, and who died in New York City in 1819, and James Sinclair, third son of William, tenth Earl of Caithness, were *one and the same*, and that (but for some unexplained reason) he should have succeeded his brother John, eleventh Earl.

The letter, from the Venerable the Archdeacon of London, William Sinclair, was written to the English lady who so kindly interested herself in behalf of the great-granddaughter of Captain James Sinclair:

"THE CHAPTER HOUSE,

"ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, E. C., March 7, 1902.

"DEAR MADAM: There is reason to believe that the James Sinclair, about whom you inquired the other day, was the third son of William Sinclair of Ratter, who died in 1799. James, at any rate, had a brother William who died in America unmarried.

"It has been thought, too, that James himself died unmarried.

"He had a great-great aunt, who married John Sinclair of Ulbster, but had no descendants.

"The tie of relationship to my grandfather, Sir John, was very remote.

"I am, very faithfully yours,

"WILLIAM SINCLAIR."

83 From Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, U. S. A., a letter was received in Thurso, Scotland, in the early part of the year 1901, by the Rev. J. Stuart<sup>84</sup> Miller, Rector of the Parish. It was from a lady who, finding his name in a book relating to the Sinclair family, had written to ask if it were possible to obtain any information regarding James Sinclair of Thurso, Scotland, third son of the tenth Earl of Caithness, and who died in New York City in 1819.

In due course Mr. Miller replied as follows:

“THE MANSE,

“THURSO, SCOTLAND, December 7, 1901.

“*Mrs. Albert Warren Kelsey, Rauhala.*

“MY DEAR MADAM: I received your letter asking specially to know as to your ancestor, James Sinclair. I wrote to a gentleman connected with the Sinclair family, who has written books upon the subject and takes a great interest in all the branches of the family. He has written to me a long letter upon the subject, as upon other branches, and I now send you extracts which bear upon your case.

“‘There is nothing very definite, but they may be of use to you.

“‘If she would consult Henderson, “Caithness Family History,” page 49, she will find a James Sinclair, third son of William, Earl of Caithness, who might be her grandfather (*sic*) so far as dates go. Henderson says he died young and unmarried, and if he was right the James born at Thurso in 1754 cannot be the same. But I have reasonable doubt that Henderson is wrong, because I find this entry in Orlig parish record:

““James, lawful son to the Revd. Alex. Smith, minister of the Parish, and Elizabeth Sinclair, his spouse, born 23d June, 1775, and baptized by Revd. Alex. Brodie, minister at Denino, Fife; the witnesses, Mr. James Sinclair (Son to Lord Caithness) and Miss Murray of Castle Hill.”

“‘If this Mr. James Sinclair is her ancestor, he was then twenty-one (*sic*), and “near Thurso” might be the exact fact of his birthplace, though in Thurso is quite possible.—If he took to sea as mercantile trader—it was quite the common course for younger



sons of the very highest class then—and that little was ever after heard of him in Scotland was ordinary experience of the time. That Henderson could be unaware of him being alive—though factor for many of the county gentry\*—is a difficulty, but communication was then slow and infrequent. I do not think that that witness died young and unmarried. If he has left male representatives, the eldest of them might oust the present Earl.

\* \* \*

“I can not find any place for a proximate connection of her ancestor with Sir John Sinclair, the agriculturist.

“What makes me incline to the Ratter origin is that two elder brothers of James were in America. In the *Scot's Magazine* is this: “October 23d died at New York of a fever and a flux, which was occasioned by his lying for several days with the army in the fields, the Hon. Lieutenant William Sinclair, second son of the Earl of Caithness.” The year was 1776. On November 29, 1779, his father, William, Earl of Caithness, died at Edinburgh.

“Another entry in the same magazine is still more corroborative of American experiences: “Died April 8, 1789, at London, the Right Honourable John, Earl of Caithness. The Earl possessed the rank of Lieut.-Colonel in, and served in, the last war in America with distinguished honour. At the siege of Charleston, while reconnoitering with Sir Henry Clinton, he received a musket shot in the groin. The title, which is a very ancient one (1456), descends to James Sinclair of Mey, in Caithness, Bart.”

“The above are verbatim extracts from the letter of Mr. Sinclair to me. He is quite sure there is no connection with the Ulbster family. As to the last of the extracts, it seems to me to be rather against the likelihood of his being James Sinclair, the youngest son. For in that case he would have succeeded on the death of his brother John to the Earldom.

“But this may lead you to some fresh grounds. I shall be pleased to do anything more for you, and my correspondent will

\* John Henderson was born in 1800 and died in 1883. His book was compiled from the notes of his uncle, who had been factor of the Ulbster estates. He was himself at one time factor of the Ratter estates.



be delighted to help. I think there must be some connection certainly with the Earl's family. You mention a John Sinclair as a reputed relation, that looks like the John, Earl of Caithness. The Earl of Caithness has now no property in Caithness. But the difficulty of your ancestor not being found to be heir comes up. The property was willed away by the late Earl; the title went to a lawyer in Aberdeen. I trust you are keeping well.

"Yours sincerely,

"J. STEWART MILLER." 104

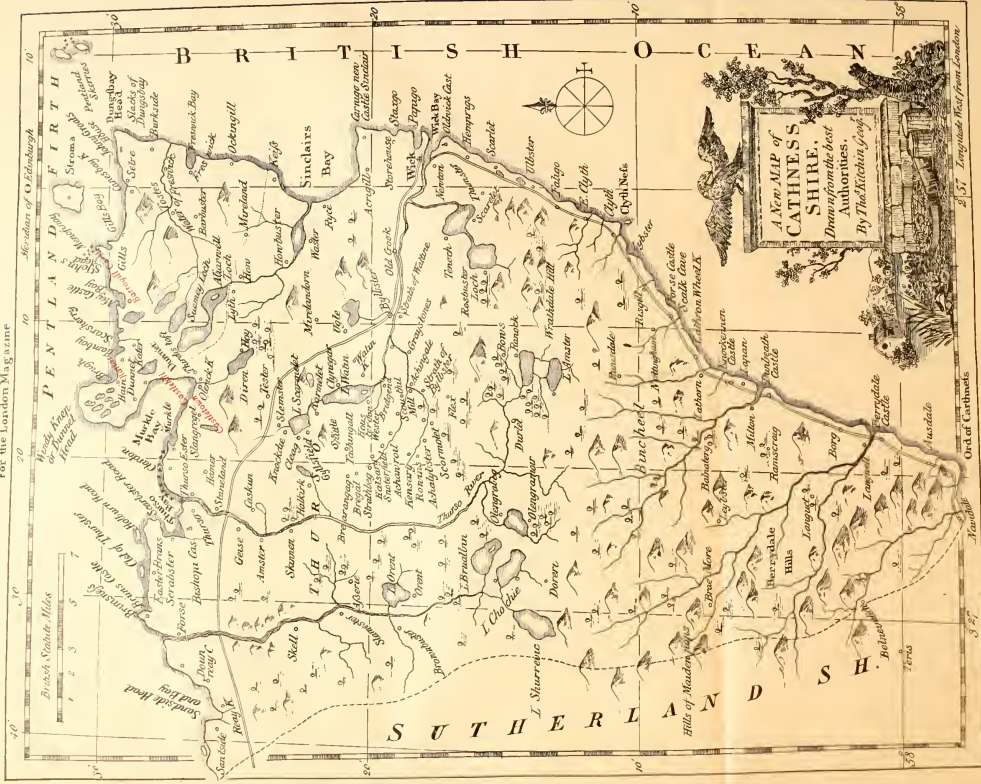


## Appendix.













## I. SINCLAIR.

The seal worn by James Sinclair is so small that it has been rather difficult to reproduce in colors. Mr. J. Balfour Paul, the Lyon King of Arms, to whom an impression of the seal was submitted by the writer, says: "The arms on the seal may be blazoned as follows: Quarterly, 1st, azure, a ship sails furled within a double tressure flory, counterflory or; 2d and 3d, or, a lion rampant, gules; 4th, azure, a ship in full sail or; over all dividing the quarters a cross engrailed quarterly argent and sable."

There is a slight difference in the arms engraved on the seal of James Sinclair and those of the Earls of Caithness. It is the "cross engrailed quarterly argent and sable." Without a knowledge of heraldry it is impossible to account for this difference. The cross engrailed quarterly argent and sable appears to have been used by some cadet branches of the Sinclair family.

In "The General Armory," published in London in 1878, is: "Sinclair (Stevenson, co. Haddington, bart., 1636). Originally—Ar. on a cross engr. gu. five bezants. As recorded in 1767, in consequence of an obligation in an entail by the ninth *Earl of Caithness* to bear the name and arms of Sinclair, of Murkle—Quarterly, as *Earl of Caithness* (the engr. cross being blazoned quarterly ar. and sa. with a crescent ar. in the centre," etc., etc.

"In 1772 the claim of William Sinclair, sixth of Rattar, was sustained by the Committee of Privileges, but the preceding Earl Alexander II had devised all his *estates* to the Sinclairs of Stevenson, one of his objections to Rattar being that the latter had not received the education of a gentleman."—*From the Sinclairs of the Isles*, by Roland William Sinclair.

James Sinclair, younger son of William of Rattar, may have used the "cross engrailed argent and sable" as a mark of cadency.

James Sinclair was born at or near Thurso, Scotland, after 1755.

“MEMORANDUM.

“The register of Births and Baptisms of the Parish of Thurso in the custody of the Registrar General, being blank—with the exception of two entries, neither of which pertain to *James Sinclair*—for the period March, 1748, to November, 1755, he is unable to furnish you with the extract desired.

“THE REV. J. STUART MILLER, THURSO,

“*The Registrar General, 19th October, 1901, for Scotland.*” \*

Octavia Garr Wotherspoon, who, in 1904, is one of the surviving grandchildren of James Sinclair, wrote to Mrs. Charles Payson, of Paris, France: “My grandfather was a younger son, born in Thurso (his brother being Earl of Caithness). He came to this country and entered the merchant service. He married a Miss Morrell, one of an old Huguenot family who settled in New Rochelle. My mother was their child, and she was named Elizabeth Sinclair. \* \* \*

“We had the portrait of my grandfather, a fine-looking man, with powdered hair tied in a queue, with a lace frill to his shirt and lace falling over his hands. \* \* \*

“His picture was burned with all father’s books and papers in the place they were stored on Staten Island. All we have left is the seal he wore with his coat of arms engraved on it. My mother thought a great deal of birth and blood and was proud of hers. \* \* \*

“My father, Andrew S. Garr, graduated from Columbia College in the class with Judge Irving and Judge Duer. He became a member of the New York Bar in 1801 and was a partner with John T. Irving for some years—afterwards Judge Irving—and he was the grandfather of John Trent Irving, of New York. Old John Bigelow studied law in my father’s office.”

\* This book goes to press before an answer is received to inquiries which have been made of the Registrar General for Scotland—regarding the entries after November, 1755—of births and baptisms of the children of William of Rattar.

*From Burke's Peerage for 1893. See p. 60*

"Alexander, ninth Earl of Caithness, who married, in 1738, Margaret, daughter of Archibald, first Earl of Rosebery, by whom he had a daughter, Dorothea, who married James, second Earl of Fife, and died without issue. He died in 1765, and was succeeded by William Sinclair, of Ratter, as tenth Earl. (See descendants of third son of Master of Caithness, son of fourth Earl.)

"He was termed heir male of the ninth Earl in 1768, notwithstanding the opposition of an alleged grandson of David Sinclair, of Broynach, brother of the eighth Earl, in 1772. His claim to the dignity was sustained on a petition to the Crown on report of the Committee of Privileges.

"He married Barbara, daughter of John Sinclair, of Scots-caldar, and had

"1. John, his successor.

"2. William.

"1. Isabella.

"2. Janet, married James Traill, of Ratter;

dying in 1779, he was succeeded by his son John, eleventh Earl and Lieutenant-Colonel, who died unmarried 6th April, 1789, when the succession passed (after four years of doubt and interregnum) to Sir James Sinclair, of Mey, who was found entitled to that honor."

*From Burke's Peerage for 1899.*

"William Sinclair, of Ratter, as tenth earl (see descendants of Master of Caithness, son of fourth earl). He was served heir male of the ninth earl in 1768, notwithstanding the opposition of an alleged grandson of David Sinclair, of Broynach, brother of the eighth earl, and in 1772 his claim to the dignity was sustained on a petition to the Crown and report by Committee of Privileges. He married Barbara, daughter of John Sinclair, of Scots-caldar, and by her, who died 20th of February, 1793, had

"1. John, his successor.

"2. William, died in America, unmarried.

"1. Isabella.

"2. Janet, married James Traill, of Ratter;

dying 29th of November, 1779, he was succeeded by his son, John, eleventh earl, lieutenant-colonel, died unmarried 6th of April, 1789, when the succession passed to Sir James Sinclair, of Mey, baronet, as twelfth earl, born 31st of October, 1766; found entitled to the honors 4th of May, 1793; lord lieutenant of County Caithness; Postmaster General, 1810, etc."

*From Burke's Peerage for 1904.*

*Under Caithness p. 250*

"William Sinclair, of Ratter, tenth Earl of Caithness. (See descendants of third son of Master of Caithness, son of fourth Earl.) He was served heir male of the ninth Earl in 1768, notwithstanding the opposition of an alleged grandson of David Sinclair, of Broynach, brother of the eighth Earl, and in 1772 his claim to the dignity was sustained on a petition to the Crown and report by the Committee of Privileges.

"He married Barbara, daughter of John Sinclair, of Scots-caldar, and by her (who died 20th February, 1793), had

"1. John, his successor.

"2. William, Lieutenant in the army, died at New York, 23d October, 1776.

••• "3. James, living 22d June, 1775.

"1. Isabella.

"2. Janet, married James Traill, of Ratter;

dying 29th November, 1779, he was succeeded by his son John, eleventh Earl Caithness, Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, wounded at Charleston, died unmarried 8th April, 1789, when the succession passed to Sir James Sinclair, of Mey, Baronet, twelfth Earl of Caithness (see descendants of third son of fourth Earl), born 31st October, 1766, found entitled to the honors 4th May, 1793, Lord Lieutenant of County Caithness, Postmaster-General 1810, etc., etc."

"In 1761, the ninth Earl of Caithness had executed an entail of his estate of Murkle and the other lands by which they passed on his decease to Sir John Sinclair of Stevenson, a descendant of the Sinclairs, Barons of Longformacus, Cadets of Herdmanston. He was succeeded in the title by William Sinclair, of

Rattar, to whom he thus alludes in a letter to George Sinclair—Lord Woodhall: ‘Rattar is next, though very remote; though he lives within four miles of me, he never comes to see me, from which it seems he is disobliged because I did not give him all I had, and depend for subsistence on his generosity. He cannot be very wise, for he could not have taken a more effectual way to disappoint his expectations.’”

\* \* \* \* \*

“William Sinclair, sixth, of Rattar, was a minor at his father’s death, and the estate was taken charge of by his uncle, William, of Freswick (died 1769). His mother also claimed the management, and, pending the dispute, ‘lodged in the garret,’ while Freswick occupied the other parts of the house of Rattar.’

“In 1772, his claim to the dignity of Earl of Caithness was sustained by the Committee of Privileges; but the preceding Earl, Alexander II, had devised all his estates to the Sinclairs of Stevenson, one of his objections to Rattar being that the latter had not received the education of a gentleman.”

The lady who “lodged in the garret,” mother of William, of Rattar, tenth Earl of Caithness, “married, second, one Dun, a staymaker in Edinburgh,” and her son appears to have inherited little but his title from the ninth Earl. (See *The Sinclairs of the Isles*, by Roland William Sinclair.)

*From Henderson, Caithness Family History, pages 53–56.*

“William Sinclair, fifth, of Freswick, the second son of John Sinclair, fourth, of Rattar, added to the family estates by the purchase of the wadsets and reversions of Dunnēt, Greenland, etc. He was a gentleman of ability and of considerable local note, while his personal appearance is stated to have been dignified and imposing as leader of one of the two political parties into which the country was in his time divided (Sir William Dunbar of Hempriggs leading the other), he was an influential county gentleman. If vindictive and somewhat unscrupulous towards his enemies and opponents, as they alleged, he was a warm and on many occasions a generous and considerate

friend. He was eager in the promotion of his own interests, and his acquisition of a considerable estate from moderate beginnings, and the political and family animosities prevalent in the times in which he lived, account to some extent for the rather unfavorable traditionary character he bears.

"In reference to the settlement of the Freswick estates, his son John, sixth, of Freswick, wrote in 1782 (he died in 1784): 'I look on my grandfather, John Sinclair, fourth, of Rattar, as the head of my family; from his descendants I never will give away what my father left me, but of these I will chose him I think the most worthy: a cousin or a nephew are equal with me in the scale. Whoever merits most will be preferable.'

"Accordingly, on the 30th of May, 1775, he executed a strict entail of the estates, in the destination of which he preferred the descendants of his paternal Aunt Barbara, daughter of John Sinclair, fourth, of Rattar, and two of the younger sons of William, tenth Earl of Caithness, great-grandsons of John of Rattar, to the children of his sister. \* \* \*

"The estates were settled (1) on the heirs-male and female of his own body, (2) on Robert Sinclair \* \* \*, (3) on Dr. William Sinclair, (4 and 5) on his cousins William and James, younger sons of William Sinclair of Rattar, tenth Earl of Caithness, and (lastly) on his nephew, William Sinclair."

*From Henderson, Caithness Family History, page 230.*

"James Traill of Hobbister, Castlehill, and Rattar, was appointed sheriff-depute of Caithness in 1788, and about 1789 he purchased the estate of Rattar. He married Lady Janet, youngest daughter of William Sinclair of Rattar, tenth Earl of Caithness, and died in 1843 in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was held in the highest estimation during his long, active, and useful life as an able judge and as a leading county gentleman.

"Mr. Traill had three sons and six daughters:

"1. George, his successor.

"2. John, a young gentleman of much promise, who died in early life.

"3. James, barrister, who for many years was one of the Police Magistrates of London.

- "1. Williamina Barbara.
- "2. Jean.
- "3. Isabella.
- "4. Mary.
- "5. Margaret, who died at Brighton, 3d June, 1878, aged 82.
- "6. Janet.

"These ladies all died unmarried. They were during their lives held in universal regard."

*From Henderson, Caithness Family History, page 11:*

*See Chart "John & L. Earl" p. 146*  
William, tenth Earl, married Barbara, daughter of John Sinclair, of Scotscladder, and died in 1779. He had five sons and two daughters:

- John, his successor.
- William, an officer who died in America unmarried.
3. James;
4. Alexander;
5. David.

These three died young and unmarried.

1. Lady Isabella, who died unmarried.
2. Lady Janet, who married James Traill, of Rattar.

In Orlig Parish Record is the following :

"James, lawful son to the Revd. Alex. Smith, minister of the Parish, and Elizabeth Sinclair, his spouse; born 23d June, 1775, and baptized by Revd. Alex. Brodie, minister at Denino, Fife. The witnesses: Mr. James Sinclair (Son to Lord Caithness) and Miss Murray, of Castlehill."

The American James Sinclair married (probably in 1787) Elizabeth, daughter of William Morrell. Their children were:

1. Elizabeth, born 1788, married Andrew Sheffield Garr.
2. Maria, married Ira C. Day.\*

\* From the marriage record of the Rutgers Street Presbyterian Church, New York: "Ira C. Day to Maria Sinclair, June 17, 1807, at the house of Mr. Garr."



3. Caroline, married Mr. Miller.
4. Jane, married Captain Beebee.
5. William, died unmarried.
6. James R., died without issue, and "letters of administration were issued to his brother-in-law, Andrew S. Garr, March 30, 1826."
7. Henry, went to Buenos Ayres, South America (before 1840), and is said to have married there.

The records of the Surrogate's Court, City and County of New York, show that on May 19, 1824, letters of administration were issued to "Andrew S. Garr, a son-in-law of James Sinclair, late of the city of New York, Shipmaster, deceased."

James Sinclair died at 28 Catharine Street, New York, June 12, 1819, and his wife died at the same place, February 8, 1821. They were both buried in the Presbyterian Cemetery on Rutgers Street. In December, 1866, the use of this cemetery was discontinued and the bodies were removed to the Rutgers Plot at Woodlawn. As many of the graves in the Rutgers Street Cemetery were unmarked by stones, there were no means of identifying many of the bodies, and as there is no record at Woodlawn of the reception of either James Sinclair's body or that of his wife, it must be that theirs were among the unmarked graves, and that they now lie at Woodlawn among the unknown dead.

The Department of Health of the City of New York prints a notice on its certificates which reads:

"In using this transcript of record, the Department of Health of the City of New York does not certify to the truth of the record transcribed. The seal of the Department of Health attests only the correctness of the transcript and no enquiry as to the facts reported has been provided for by law."

\* \* \* The transcript from the Department of Health of the City of New York states that James Sinclair was sixty-five years of age at the time of his death. If his brother John was in his thirty-third year in 1787, then James would have been his senior; but he himself said he was a younger son, and he appears as such in the Scotch records.

The age is probably approximate, as no date of birth is given.



The Board of Health's transcript gives the date of death of Andrew Garr as April 12th; age, sixty-seven years.	}	Correct place of birth,
		Scotland.
		Correct place of death,
Birth-place, England. Place of death, Charlotte Street.		Catharine Street.
Direct cause of death, pleurisy. Place of burial, Presbyterian Cemetery.	}	
The Board of Health's transcript gives date of death of James Sinclair (Jr.) as March 20, 1826.	}	The correct date is March
		18, 1826.
The Board of Health's transcript gives date of the death of Elizabeth Sinclair as February 11, 1821.	}	The correct date is Feb-
		ruary 8, 1821.
The Board of Health's transcript gives the place of birth of Andrew S. Garr as France.	}	The real place of his
		birth was England.

The carelessness of those in charge of the New York Health Department Records in 1904 may be understood from the following quoted from a letter from a descendant of James Sinclair, who went herself to verify the dates. This lady writes: "I saw the book, which was lucky, as the woman previously informed me our respected relative was buried in Potter's Field! It happened the next man *was* buried there, and the line being long, she mixed things up!"

#### THE WILL OF ELIZABETH SINCLAIR.

"In the name of God, Amen.

"I, Elizabeth Sinclair, of the city of New York, widow, being weak in health but of sound and disposing mind, memory and understanding, do make and publish this my last Will and Testament as follows, that is to say :

"I direct that all my just debts and funeral and testamentary expenses be paid by my executor hereinafter named. I give to my father, William Morrell, the sum of \$60, and to each of my sons, William and Henry, the value of a suit of mourning, such as my said executor shall think proper, and the moneys necessary for the above purpose to be raised by the sale of such of my property as he shall direct, and I likewise give to each of my said sons a bed and bedding, and the residue of all my estate I give and direct to be divided and paid in equal proportions, share and share alike, to and between my three daughters, Maria

Day, Caroline Miller and Jane Beebee, my other children being already sufficiently provided for, and that being t'he only reason why they are not included as legatees in this my last will.

"And lastly, I appoint my friend, David Stebbins, of the City of New York, merchant, as executor of this my Will.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this fourth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-one.

"ELIZABETH SINCLAIR."

"Signed, published and declared by the testatrix as and for her last Will and Testament in the presence of — the words 'and I likewise give to each of my said sons a bed and bedding' being interlined.

"S. COWDREY."

The New York *Evening Post* of Saturday, February 9, 1821, contained the following notice:

"Died. On Friday, the 8th inst., after a lingering illness, Mrs. St. Clair, widow of Capt. James St. Clair. The friends and acquaintances of the family are invited to attend the funeral on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock from her late residence, No. 28 Catharine Street."

· Transcript from the record of deaths reported to the Department of Health, City of New York:

"Elizabeth Sinclair. Died Feb. 11, 1821. Age, 55 years. Birthplace, New York. Place of death, Catherine Street. Cause of death, consumption. Place of burial, Presbyterian Cemetery, Rutgers Street."\*

An aunt of the writer, Elizabeth Garr, told her that her (E. G.'s) mother's uncle, John Sinclair, came to New Rochelle when Elizabeth Sinclair was a baby, and wanted to adopt her; that, receiving permission to take her home to Scotland, he carried her from New Rochelle to New York, but she cried so that he became alarmed at the undertaking and sent her back to her

\* It is evident from the newspaper notices of her death and funeral that the date of her death should be February 8th instead of February 11th.

parents. As John Sinclair, eleventh Earl of Caithness, died when this child was only about a year old, the idea of her parents being willing to let her be carried away by a bachelor uncle seemed ridiculous until it was learned that at that time his mother, Barbara Sinclair, and two sisters were living—Isabella and Janet, who married James Traill of Rattar. Earl John may have wished to take the child back to his family as living proof of the existence of her father and his brother, James Sinclair, of whom all trace had been lost for so many years.

John Sinclair, the eleventh Earl, died intestate in London in 1789, and Barbara, Lady Caithness, took out letters of administration on his estate in conjunction with her daughters Janet and Isabella.

All trace of James, the third son of the eleventh Earl, appearing by that time to have been lost, "Sir James Sinclair, Baronet of Mey, was in May, 1790, served as nearest lawful heir-male of William Saint Clair, second of his name, Earl of Caithness, and his claim to the peerage was sustained by the House of Lords."\*

The portrait of the American, James Sinclair, was probably one of those that hung at one time in the Society Library.

The writer's uncle, George Garr, wrote to her about this portrait, as did her aunt, Fanny Garr Hubbard. Another aunt, Octavia Garr Wotherspoon, also wrote to her on January 30, 1902: "The picture was a three-quarter length, and represented him as a very handsome man with his hair powdered and tied in a queue, black velvet coat and white satin waistcoat, a lace jabot and white lace hanging over his hands. He was seated at a table with a chart before him and a thing in his hand like a pair of pincers (a compass), apparently marking his route."

In another letter Mrs. Wotherspoon wrote:

"I remember a conversation that took place between my mother and father, Andrew and some of the other members of the family, to this effect: You know my grandfather, Andrew Garr, was a shipbuilder; he was quite a celebrated one. My father was very democratic. In those days people thought much less of ancestry in this country, and for many years after, than

\* From "The St. Clairs of the Isles," by Roland William Saint Clair.

they do now. They must have been talking of my mother's family, for my father said: 'Well have a crest (or a coronet, I don't remember which) on one of the doors of your carriage, but be sure to have a half-built ship painted on the other.' I heard this myself, and remember it because I thought how funny a half-built ship would look on the door of a carriage."

The name of James Sinclair has been inserted in Burke's Peerage for 1904. The following letter from Mr. A. P. Burke will explain itself:

"THE PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE,

"59 PALL MALL, S. W., July 21, 1903.

"DEAR MRS. BELLOC: Pray accept my most sincere thanks for your kindly gift of 'In a Walled Garden,' which has been most fascinating reading to me.

"As to James Sinclair, I am convinced he lived to manhood, and have accordingly inserted his name in the 'Peerage' as third son of the Earl of Caithness. I am obliged to you for drawing my attention to his existence.

"With best regards,

"Yours sincerely,

"(Signed) ASHWORTH P. BURKE."

There was a Castle called "Ormlie" near Thurso, where Sir John Sinclair, 1st, of Ratter, lived in 1662, but it may not have been standing in 1775.

\* \* \* \* \*

Horace Walpole, in his letters, speaks of "the proud and opulent colony of New York," and it was there that James Sinclair and his family lived for many years.

The following extract from "Notes of Caithness Family History," by John Henderson, gives a picture of the life in County Caithness, which is interesting as showing the manners and customs existing before William of Rattar came of age:

"It may not be out of place to note some particulars of the state of society in the county in the last century, as given in

1786 by Captain John Sutherland, of Wester, whose recollections extended beyond the middle of that century. He says the people in general took a great deal more trouble in other people's business than in their own, which is to be accounted for by the circumstances that the county lies in a remote corner of the island, and that the access to and from it is only by one difficult road (the Ord), so that the people of it have not that free and easy intercourse with other counties as the other and more southerly counties have; and the county is so 'interlarded' by marriages among themselves that a multiplicity of questions arise, particularly in the way of succession, which often creates bad blood among relations. The same cause produces a great deal of jaunting and visiting among relations. The Captain goes on to say that it was the general practice in the highland and inward part of the county, previous to and about the middle of the century, to go to markets with arms, such as broadswords or side pistols; but the 'parish of Canisbay,' even in those days, 'did not seem to be inspired with that warlike genius so much as the other parishes.' But he had seen from four to six men dressed in a sort of uniform, issue from the house of Freswick (then occupied by William Sinclair [died 1769], who built it) to attend these markets, and with the result of the maltreatment of persons with whom Freswick was at variance.\* Many of the lairds of this period, besides indulging largely in the luxury of litigation, passed portions of the year in Edinburgh, accompanied by members of their families, and went into good society, although few of them had incomes exceeding £200 to £300 a year.

\* About 1739 or 1740 a dispute arose between Freswick and George Murray, of Clairden, in regard to the right of taking a description of sea-fowl, locally called "Layers or Liarts," and supposed to be the Puffin, from the rocks at Craig of Dunnet. Murray, as possessor of Dunnet, under a wadset, proceeded to exercise the privilege, along with a band of followers, armed with flails, scythes, and such like implements. Freswick, as tutor for his nephew, William of Rattar, the proprietor, proceeded to the Craig with eight followers, armed with broadswords and pistols. A scuffle ensued, in which Clairden received some personal damage, and had the worst of the fight.

TESTAMENT DATIVE, ETC. EARL OF CAITHNESS.  
18TH NOVEMBER, 1791.

COMMISSARIOT OF EDINBURGH. TESTAMENTS, VOL. 128<sup>2</sup>.

The Testament Dative and Inventory of the debt and sum of money which was addebted, and resting to Umql. William Sinclair, of Ratter, Esquire, afterwards Earl of Caithness at the time of his decease, who died in Edinburgh upon the — day of December, seventeen hundred and seventy-nine years. Faithfully made and given up by James Sinclair, of Holburnhead, Esquire, William Sinclair, Esquire, now of Lochend, son of the deceased Dr. William Sinclair, late Physician in Thurso, and George Oswald and Co'y, merchants in Glasgow, only executors dative, qua creditors, decerned to the said defunct. In so far as the said defunct by his Bond dated the nineteenth day of February, seventeen hundred and sixty, bound and obliged him, his heirs and successors for the causes therein mentioned to content and pay to the said James Sinclair therein designed, brother to Forss, his heirs, executors or assignees the sum of One hundred and twenty-four pounds, fourteen shillings and eight pence sterling, and that at the term of Whitsunday then next with the sum of twenty-four pounds twelve shillings sterling of liquidate expences in case of failzie and annual rent of the said principal sum yearly termly and proportionally from and after the said term of payment during the not payment thereof as the said Bond registered in the Sheriff Court books of Caithness the thirteenth day of June, seventeen hundred and eighty-sixth years more fully bears. Like as the said William Sinclair by his bill dated the thirteenth day of February, seventeen hundred and seventy-six drawn by him upon and accepted by the said William, Earl of Caithness, ordered him twelve months after date to have paid to the drawer or order the sum of Two hundred and twenty-nine pounds three shillings and nine pence sterling for value. As the said bill which was protested against the acceptor for not payment, &c., on the twenty-fifth day of April, seventeen hundred and seventy-seven years bears. And that John, Earl of Caith-



ness, son of and as representing the said deceased William, Earl of Caithness by his Bond of Corroboration dated the sixth day of May, seventeen hundred and eighty-two years, narrating the foresaid bill and protest and subsuming that the principal sum contained in said bill and interest thereof since the term of payment were all yet resting unpaid, and that the same at the term of Martinmas last, seventeen hundred and eighty-one, amounted to the sum of two hundred and eighty-three pounds ten shillings sterling, and that the said William Sinclair was desirous that the said John, Earl of Caithness, as representing the defunct should grant the corroboration therein written. Therefore, the said John, Earl of Caithness, without hurt or prejudice of the said bill, but in corroboration thereof *et accumulando jura juribus* bound and obliged himself and his heirs, executors and successors to content and pay to the said William Sinclair, his heirs, executors or assignees, the foresaid accumulated sum of two hundred and eighty-three pounds, ten shillings sterling, and that and against the term of Whitsunday then next to come, with the sum of fifty pounds sterling of penalty and liquidate expences in case of failure, with the due and ordinary annual rent of the said accumulated sum from the said term of Martinmas, seventeen hundred and eighty-one, to the foresaid term of payment, and yearly termly and proportionally thereafter during the not payment of the same; as the said Bond of Corroboration, registered in the Commissary Court Books of Edinburgh, the sixteenth day of April, seventeen hundred and ninety years more fully bears, and lastly the said defunct by his promissary note, dated the twenty-ninth day of April, seventeen hundred and seventy-six years, promised to pay to the said Messrs. George Oswald & Co'y or order the sum of one hundred and eight pounds four shillings sterling for value, as the said note bears. And, whereas, the said John, Earl of Caithness, in like manner by his Bond of Corroboration, dated the sixteenth day of April, seventeen hundred and eighty-two, narrating the said promissary note and that the said sum with the interest thereof from the twenty-seventh day of April, seventeen hundred and seventy-six, to the twentieth day of March, seventeen hundred and eighty-two, amounted to the sum of one hundred and forty pounds one shilling sterling, and that the said George

Oswald & Co'y had agreed to supersede payment of the said accumulated sum to the term of payment therein written, on condition of his granting said Bond. Therefore, the said John, Earl of Caithness, without prejudice of the said bill, but in further corroboration thereof et accumulando jura juribus bound and obliged him, his heirs, executors, and successors to make payment to the said George Oswald & Co'y or their heirs or assignees of the said principal accumulated sum of one hundred and forty pounds one shilling sterling, and that at the term of Whitsunday then next, with the sum of twenty-eight pounds sterling of liquidate penalty in case of failure, and annual rent of the said principal accumulated sum from the twentieth day of March, seventeen hundred and eighty-two to the said term of payment and yearly termly daily and continually thereafter during the not payment of the same, as the said Bond of Corroboration also more fully bears. And, therefore, the said James Sinclair, William Sinclair and George Oswald and Co'y are *only* executors dative qua creditors decerned to the said deceast, William, Earl of Caithness, for payment and satisfaction to them respectively of the sums of money, principal, interest and liquidate penalties before specified contained in and due by the foresaid Bond, and two bills granted by William, Earl of Caithness, corroborated by John, Earl of Caithness, his son and representative, after the form and tenor of the said writs themselves in all points sicklike for payment to the said executors of the charges and expences of this conformation and that by decret of the commissaries of Edinburgh as the same dated the twenty-sixth day of October, seventeen hundred and ninety-one years, more fully bears."

"Follows the Inventory. In the First the said defunct William Earl of Caithness had addebted and resting owing to him the time of his decease all and hail the sum of four hundred and sixty-six pounds thirteen shillings and four pence sterling, being the legal interest of the principal sum of six thousand merks contained in a Bond of Provision bearing date the first day of December seventeen hundred and forty-one, granted by the deceased John Sinclair of Scotsclader, Esquire, in favour of Barbara Sinclair his eldest daughter and now Countess Dowager of Caithness, as being the relict of the said



defunct, and his other children therein mentioned, and that from the twenty-seventh day of December seventeen hundred and fifty one to the foresaid                      day of December seventeen hundred and seventy-nine, that the marriage betwixt the said defunct and the said Barbara Sinclair subsisted.

“Item. The sum of twenty pounds sterling as a part of the foresaid principal sum of six thousand merks itself and interest which fell due thereon after the death of the said defunct on the foresaid                      day of December seventeen hundred and seventy-nine. Extending the said twenty-pounds and the foresaid interest to four hundred and eighty-six pounds thirteen shillings and four pence sterling, which in Scots money is five thousand eight hundred and forty pounds.

“Summa of the Inventory—Vm/viii c j xl Lib.

“Masters, Andrew Balfour, etc.

“Cautioners, Alexander Oswald of Shieldhall, Esquire; Lieutenant Allan Robinson, residing in Dumfermline; and James Horne, Writer to the Signet.

“Dated the eighteenth day of November seventeen hundred and ninety-one.”

NOTE.—James Sinclair of Holbournhead and William Sinclair of Lochend, were the second and third sons of John Sinclair, sixth of Forss, and of his second wife Barbara, eldest daughter of John Sinclair, fourth of Rattar. She was great-aunt of William Sinclair, tenth Earl of Caithness.



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## II. MORRELL.

Of the Morrells before they came to America, nothing is known beyond the family tradition that they were Huguenots from Rochelle, France. They lived for a time at New Rochelle and at Mamaronec, N. Y. They were shipbuilders, and Nicholas and William Morrell repaired the fleet when the British were in possession of New York harbor in 1775. These facts were learned from the late Rev. Daniel Morelle, of New York City, who committed suicide, being in extreme poverty, in New York, June 23, 1899.

Among the records of St. George's Church, Hempstead, Queens Co., Long Island, is that of the marriage of William Morrell, shipcarpenter, and Elizabeth Baker, January 21, 1763. It is not unlikely that they were the parents of Elizabeth Morrell, for we know from her will that her father's name was William. She married James Sinclair probably in 1787, and her daughter, Elizabeth, married Andrew Sheffield Garr probably in 1805.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the "Memoirs of a Protestant," translated by Oliver Goldsmith and edited by Austin Dobson, is the following:

"An exact and authentic list of the Protestants who are now actually slaves aboard the French Gallies upon Account of their Religion, taken in the Year 1775."

Among the names is that of

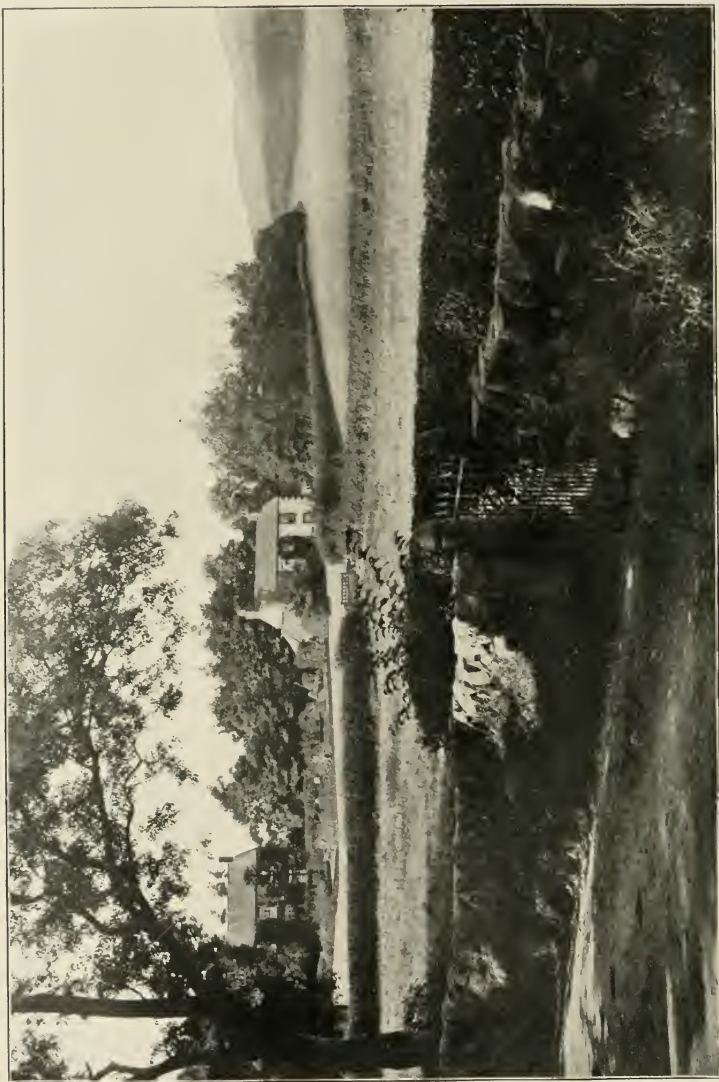
"1418—Matthew Morell, of St. André, in Vivarais, condemned for life by Mr. de Bernage the 8th of February, 1740, for having followed his uncle, Mr. Morel, Minister, aged 29 years."

Upon the strength of this *the writer invented an early ancestor*, putting Mathieu Morel back to the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685.









"BUNKER HILL." THE HOUSE OF CAPTAIN JOHN GIRR AT AUCHENCAIRN, GALLOWAYSHIRE, SCOTLAND, BUILT BY CAPTAIN JOHN GIRR AT THE TIME OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. THE HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE MANSE.

## III. GARR.

In the summer of 1899, Cadwallader Washburn Kelsey was travelling in Scotland with Davis Forsythe, principal of the Friends' School of Germantown, Pa. After visiting Auchencairn, Mr. Forsythe wrote the following letter :

"THE GOLDEN LION HOTEL,  
"STERLING August 3, 1899.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—Karl and I made the talked-of pilgrimage to Auchencairn, and while it is still fresh in mind, and before other things crowd it out, I want to tell thee what we have learned and seen.

"We went to bed early last night at Carlisle, as we could make the round planned for to-day only by having an early start, so at 5.00 this morning we were off, all five of us together, as far as Dumfries, where the other three left us and went on to spend the day at Aye, Karl and I waiting a little while for a way-train to Castle Douglas, which was reached long before 8.00 o'clock, and had to awaken the landlord at the little inn before our breakfast could be started ; that over we procured a dog-cart and with a talkative native for driver were soon on the road to Auchencairn. We shall, I think, always recall the experiences of this visit as among the most pleasant of the summer's outing ; the charm of it was in the real acting, which, of course, I cannot give thee in this. The drive out to Auchencairn is about eight miles over the best of roads and through beautiful and well-tilled farm lands. We passed a few fine country seats, but most of the homes were very modest, and the poor farmers worked hard to make their heavy rents. Auchencairn is a clean little village of two score or more houses stretched on either side of the single street, a little brook crossing the road at the foot of the street, and a modest kirk at the summit. Karl was the first to inquire, and before long as the result of his endeavors, backed up it may be with a little help from me, you would have seen an interested, if not an interesting-looking, group of five in the modest little parlor of one of the cottagers. Our host was a dominie, with a beard

like Thomas Carlyle and the same stoop to his shoulders. His wife was our interpreter, for her husband was too deaf to follow much of what we said; the village blacksmith, the largest man I have almost ever seen, a man of almost sixty, who had never slept a week of his life out of Auchencairn, they and we two made up the five, and we had a rich visit with them. The dominie was in charge of the registry of the parish for many years, and was sure there were no Garrs or McGarrs on the list during all that time, but there were Girrs, and both authorities thought the names were identical. There are no Garrs, McGarrs or Girrs about Auchencairn now with whom you could claim kinship, but within the memory of our blacksmith friend there had been several; they had either moved away or died; the only two brothers of the family had died without issue.

"The best house in the village had been built a full century by a Girr, and was called then and still is 'The Bunker Hill House,' because the owner and builder had a brother on the American side in the battle of Bunker Hill. This same brother had gone from Auchencairn to America prior to the Revolution of 1776, and was at that time a shipbuilder in Boston.

"Two miles beyond Auchencairn is a graveyard at Rerrick, where the Girrs were buried. No stones mark the graves, and the old building has fallen to decay, a new church some miles away doing service in its place.

"I wish I could give thee a pen-picture of these three old people, who were so glad to see us. They have never been far from home, but were intelligent and quick and amused Karl not a little, and taught me a good lesson as well. Karl bought a few photos of the village, all we could find, and took three with his own camera. After the two hours we had allotted to the stay, we were on our way back to Castle Douglas, ready for the noon train, and we are all fine to-night, as happy a party as the sun has seen to-day. Karl expects to write thee of to-day soon. He was tired to-night, and I advised bed. He is a good travelling companion.

\* \* \* \* \*

"This rose came from the garden of the Girr house in Auchencairn. The signatures are of our two friends there, Mr.

James Gibson, the schoolmaster, and Mr. Heughan, the blacksmith.

"Thy friend truly,

"DAVIS H. FORSYTHE."

In a letter from Mr. James Gibson, the schoolmaster at Auchencairn, to Mrs. A. W. Kelsey, he says:

"Local tradition says that Andrew Girr was born about 1745, in a house which stood about half a mile from the village of Auchencairn, which house has entirely disappeared more than fifty years since. In that house his brother John (afterwards Captain John Girr) was born, and also two sisters, who were named Grizzel Girr and Ann Girr.

"Andrew Girr seems to have left this district when a young man, as no one seems to remember anything about him; but Captain John Girr lived and died in the district. Tradition says that he died in December, 1833, aged 87 years, and was buried in Rerrick church-yard, but there is not a tombstone to mark the place. Captain John Girr commenced to build Bunker's Hill, but it is said could not have finished it if he had not got money from his brother Andrew from America; but, though not wealthy, he was very much respected. He never married; so that at his death the name in this district died with him.

"His sister Grizzel lived with him, and was never married. His sister Ann was married, but her husband did not live long. She had no family. She came to live with her brother after her husband's death, and died at Bunker's Hill. So far as I can learn they were both very much respected.

"I think your son must have misunderstood Mr. Heughan about one of the Girr family having to flee the country as a smuggler of whiskey. Mr. Heughan says that the only reference that he can remember making was that Captain Girr used sometimes to bring a keg of smuggled brandy from the Isle of Man, where it could be got free of government duty.\*

"When I came to this parish more than fifty years since, there were many people living who could have given me particulars that would have been interesting about the Girr family. Now there is not one living who was personally acquainted with any of them."

\* This was an allusion made in fun to his mother by Cadwallader Kelsey.

Andrew Garr was born near Auchencairn, Gallowayshire, Scotland, in the year 1745. The name was originally Girr, or McGirr. After the death of Andrew Garr's wife, he came with his son, Andrew Sheffield Garr, who was born in England and who was then three years old, to New York. He was prosperous and became the owner of a good deal of property. He had extensive shipyards on the East River and at the foot of Rutgers Street, as well as on Water Street, and he owned a lumber yard near Catherine Slip.

The following is an inventory of his property made on the 5th of November, 1812:

#### INVENTORY.

A true and perfect inventory of all and singular the goods, chattels and credits of Andrew Garr, late of the City of New York, Shipwright, deceased, which have come to the hands, possession or knowledge of Andrew S. Garr and Jacob Drake, Administrators of the same, or into the hands or possession of any other person or persons for the said Administrators, made by us, whose names are hereunto subscribed, the fifth day of November, in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and twelve:

Cash in his dwelling house . . . . .	\$133 50
“ in the Bank of New York . . . . .	2,879 51
One lease of a lot of ground in Rutgers Street, belonging to Henry Rutgers, valued with improvements at . . . .	3,000 00
One lease of a lot in Division Street, belonging to Peter Vanderhoff, valued at . . . . .	200 00
One lease of a lot at Corlears hook formerly belonging to Thomas Post.	
One lease of a lot at Corlears hook belonging to Cornlieus Ray.—these two leases with the improvements are valued together at . . . . .	2,000 00
One lease of two lots of ground at Greenwich, belonging to the Estate of the late Geo. Clinton, valued with the improvements at . . . . .	300 00
Pew No. 4 in Presbyterian Church in Rutgers Street . . .	150 00
Plate and other household furniture . . . . .	1,283 00
A quantity of Blocks, falls, rigging, Iron, etc. . . . .	1,000 00
Two Float Stages . . . . .	100 00

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A quantity of Spars, plank, ropes, etc., etc. . . . .	684 48
Separate Debts as nearly as can be ascertained . . . . .	881 44
	<hr/>
Total . . . . .	\$12,611 93
Debts owing to the deceased as nearly as can be ascertained, . . . . .	\$700 00

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Appraised by us the day and year above written.

JACOB WEAVERY,  
DAVID STEBBINS.

There are also claims against sundry persons, which are contested and the recovery of which is doubtful. Amount about \$3,000.

ANDW. S. GARR,  
JACOB DRAKE,  
*Administrators.*

Inscription on Andrew Garr's tombstone:

TO

The Memory of Andrew Garr,  
Born near Auchencairn,  
Galloway Shire, Scotland,  
Who departed this life April 12th 1812  
Aged 67 years.

He died in Jesus and is blest  
How kind his slumbers are  
From suffering and from pain releas'd,  
And free from every care.

Go home my widow and my children,  
I must lie here till Jesus Christ appear;  
And at his coming I do hope to have  
A joyful resurrection from the grave.

Andrew Garr's son, Andrew Sheffield Garr,\* was educated at Columbia College, where he was a classmate of Martin Van Buren. An obituary notice in the *New York Times* of March 22, 1863, concerning the death of Mr. Richard I. Wells, speaks of him as being "for several years a partner of Andrew S. Garr, who is remembered as one of the most astute lawyers, as he was

\* From "Macdonough-Hackstaff Ancestry," by Rodney Macdonough.



pre-eminently the most skillful special pleader of his day." John Bigelow, afterwards Minister to England, studied law in the office of Andrew S. Garr.

Andrew Sheffield Garr married (probably) in 1805, Elizabeth Sinclair, daughter of Captain James Sinclair and Elizabeth Morrell.

Their children were:

1. Mary, married Robert Lang and had issue.
2. Elizabeth, died unmarried.
3. Andrew, died unmarried.
4. Anne, born in New York City, February 27, 1812, married William G., son of Ludovic and Anne (Hallock) Hackstaff, August 26, 1831, and had issue; died May 5, 1888.
5. George, born May 1, 1816, died April 16, 1898, married Elizabeth Powell Kernochan and had issue.
6. Catherine, married Mortimer Jackson and had no issue. Died in Halifax, N. S., where her husband was U. S. Consul for sixteen years.
7. Alexander, died unmarried (about) 1849.
8. Jeannette, married Cadwallader Colden Washburn, of Miner<sup>o</sup> Point, Wisconsin, January 1, 1849, and had issue.
9. Julia, married Sylvester L. Nevins, and had issue.
10. Robert, died unmarried.
11. Julian, died unmarried.
12. Fanny, married William Hubbard, and had issue.
13. Octavia, married David Ogden Wotherspoon, and had issue.

The following is the will of Andrew S. Garr:

WILL.

This is the Last Will and Testament of me Andrew S. Garr, of the City of New York, Counsellor at Law. I give, devise and bequeath all my land and property in the Island of Cuba unto my son Andrew Garr, if he shall be living at the time of my decease, but if he be not then living I give, devise and bequeath



the same unto my daughter Elizabeth Garr. All my other estate and property whatsoever and wheresoever I give, devise and bequeath unto my said daughter if she shall be living at the time of my decease, but if she be not then living I give, devise and bequeath the same unto my said son. And I make these bequests in full confidence that my said son and daughter will contribute as far as their ability will extend to the support and maintenance of such of their brothers and sisters as may need assistance.

And I constitute and appoint my son Andrew, my said daughter Elizabeth and my son-in-law Sylvester L. Nevins, Executors and Executrix of this my last Will.

In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal at the City of New York, this                      day of February in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six.

ANDREW S. GARR.

Mr. Garr became a member of the St. Andrew's Society in 1805. The Society was not incorporated till 1826. The five incorporators were Robert Halliday, John Graham, John Johnson, John J. Palmer, and Andrew S. Garr.

Andrew S. Garr held some office in this Society for forty years. His father, Andrew Garr, was one of the earliest members, having been elected in 1793, and Andrew Garr, 3d, joined the Society in 1830.

Andrew S. Garr died April 11, 1859. All the family portraits, as well as his fine library, the family Bible, etc., were later stored in a stable in a place on Staten Island which had been rented by William Hubbard, the husband of Fanny Garr. A fire in the early 60's destroyed everything, and a coachman who had been discharged and who swore to "get even" with the family, was suspected of having set fire to the building. If he was the guilty person, he certainly had his revenge, for there was no replacing the lost property. No amount of money could have restored the lost records.

Having heard that a portrait of Andrew S. Garr, was hanging in the rooms of the Society Library in New York City, inquiry was made about it, and the following reply received:

“NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY,  
“109 UNIVERSITY PLACE,  
“NEW YORK, September 29, 1892.

“*Mrs. A. W. Kelsey.*

“DEAR MADAM: The enclosed letter was not received by our Secretary until some time after it was written, owing to his absence from town. However, I am the only living officer of our Library who could answer it in full. Mr. Andrew S. Garr was many years ago a shareholder of the Library, and after his death a large number of oil paintings belonging to some of his family were deposited in our Library, being hung in our Reading Room. Whether there was a portrait of him among them, I cannot now say. But, at any rate, all the paintings were taken away at the *same time*. There is no portrait of him here now, and there has not been for many years.

“Respectfully yours,

“WILLIAM S. BUTLER,

“*Librarian Em.*”—

The following paper relates to the property in Cuba bequeathed to his son Andrew, by Andrew S. Garr. The printed copy of the “Translation” in the possession of the writer is slightly mutilated.

TRANSLATION.

In the always most faithful city of Havana, on the third day of the month of September of the present year, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one, a meeting was held at the Government House, of His Excellency the President, Governor and Captain-General, and His Excellency the Count de Villanueva, Honorary Counsellor of State and Intendant of the Army, etc., for the purpose of determining what is proper upon the application of Don Andres Sheffield Garr to establish a colony on the territory of Moa, and they began by reading the act of the Junta of Colonization (Poblacion), of which the following is an exact copy:

“I certify that at a meeting held on the day of date hereof by the Junta of population, at which His Excellency the Gover-

nor and Captain-General presided, upon the report of the committee to whom were referred the proceedings on the subject of establishing a colony (poblacion) on the lands of Moa, instituted by Don Andres Garr, and the instrument that he lately presented disavowing (derogando) the propositions that were made by his attorney, Doctor James Anderson, and were accepted at the session of the 6th of October of the preceding year, because in them he had exceeded the powers conferred upon him, and had made stipulations that it was not possible for him to perform, and substituting in lieu of them other new propositions, in order to carry into effect his undertaking, and, upon examining them all with the greatest deliberation, each one of them was determined upon as follows:

“(1st) He cedes five caballerias of land at the place named Punta Gorda, at the mouth of the river Moa, that the town may be made thereon, that spot being the most convenient, healthy and suitable in all respects. Accepted.

“(2d) He obliges himself to bring at his own expense forty inhabitants at the least, Spaniards or foreigners, whom he shall carry to the said place in the specified term of one year, which shall begin to be computed from the approbation of this business by the competent authority, by which will be more than satisfied the provision of the 6th law, tit. 5th, book 4th, of the Recopilacion of the Indies. Approved, provided that the number of Spanish inhabitants be at least equal to that of the foreigners.

“(3d) The colonists that he shall carry there, or who shall voluntarily become inhabitants, shall be Catholic Apostolic Romans. Agreed to, as none ought to be admitted without those qualifications proved to the government.

“(4th) Each father of a family shall receive a building lot within the area of the five caballerias, which shall be given gratuitously in full dominion, provided he erect thereon some building within six months, and that he will give an equal quantity to as many as ask for it within two years, after which the remainder of the five caballerias shall remain in his favor to sell them in lots at a rent, or in the manner that may best suit him. Determination. Having ceded in the first article the five caballerias of land for the foundation of the town, he ought not to reserve

to himself any property therein, as his own interest is connected with the benefit of the population. The building lots shall be distributed gratis during the five first years, allowing a year's time to build thereon. After that time the remainder shall be sold at a redeemable rent (*censo redimible*) for a moderate price for the benefit of the *propios* (funds) of the town. No lot shall be distributed, still less shall any building be erected, without the plan of the town being made and presented to this Board for its examination and approbation, designating therein the places that are intended for the public buildings that have been mentioned and will be hereinafter repeated.

"(5th) That he will also give a *caballeria* of land to each father of a family who may present himself for the price of two hundred dollars, at a redeemable quit-rent (*censo reservativo redimible*) and free from rent for two years (*y con dos anos muertos*), which shall begin to run from the time of the execution of the instrument of sale, although it be simple, and that afterwards they shall pay the annual 5 per cent. Approved, provided there be granted to the Spanish colonists one year free from rent more than to the foreigners.

"(6th) That the privilege contained in the preceding article shall be extended to all who shall become inhabitants within four years in that establishment, which term shall be computed from the day on which the authorities approve his propositions, after which it shall be at his pleasure to make sales in the manner and at the price that may best suit him. Agreed to.

"(7th) The colonist who may desire more than one *caballeria* of land, shall require the excess by a special contract with himself. Agreed to.

"(8th) In order that the colonists may exercise their industry, all males of fourteen years of age and upwards, shall receive two axes, two machetes, two hoes, and one crowbar; and if they be fathers of families there shall be added one plane, two augurs, large and small; two chisels of the same class, one *arroba* (twenty-five pounds) of nails *de medio tillado*, and another *de tillado entero*. Approved.

"(9th) The colonists who shall go there within the term of one year, whatever be their number, shall be assisted from the day

of their arrival, and for the space of six months, with a ration of beef and vegetables, which shall appear from the book that shall be kept for the purpose by the said Garr, or by the person who may represent him.

“*Resolution.*—It will be proper to determine beforehand the quantity of these rations, to the end that it may at all times fully appear what is the extent of his obligations.

“(10th) The colonists shall be assisted gratuitously in their diseases by Dr. Anderson, or some other physician whom he shall carry there, during the whole of one year after their arrival. Approved.

“(11th) The town shall be called *Vives*, and he cedes for its propios one hundred caballerias of land which shall be chosen at pleasure, either to windward or to leeward, so that it be at one end of the area of Moa, to the end that they may be sold at a rent by the government and the proceeds appropriated to the city funds, or that they be kept as commons (*egidos*) of the town, as his Majesty may direct. This cession is admitted, provided it be conformable to what he offers in the thirteenth proposition.

“(12th) The road or port of Moa shall be habilitated as a port of the minor class.

“*Determination.*—It shall not be habilitated in the class of minor port, nor enjoy the privileges of such, until it have at least one hundred regular houses of inhabitants, and have a custom house, although it be temporary. In the meantime it will be limited to what was granted for Baracoa in the royal order of the thirteenth of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixteen.

“(13th) The five caballerias for the town, and the one hundred for propios (city funds), shall be measured by a public surveyor with the assistance of the person whom the government may appoint, and that that minister shall designate in the town the places in which are to be the church, town house, square and streets, giving to the former one thousand feet on each side, and eighty feet to each one of the latter; the surveyor being at liberty to fix upon another place for the building of the town, if he meets with one more suitable than that which has been designated.

*“Determination.*—In the plan of the town there must be designated also the places for the curate’s house, prison, primary school and custom house, as also the site for a battery where it may be most convenient for the defense of the port, and near to it a barrack for the troops that are to serve and keep it.

“(14) As the measurement is to be made with the knowledge of the government and there may be difficulties in a person coming from the capital to represent it, his Excellency the Captain-General shall appoint the nearest inhabitant or public functionary that he may think proper, to be present at the said operation.

*“Determination.*—The presence not being necessary of any representative of the government at the measurement and formation of the plan, it shall be made by a received public surveyor and sent to his Excellency for his examination and approbation.

“(15) The surveyor shall make a plan of the one hundred caballerias of land and of the town, to be annexed to the proceedings and to be preserved in the Secretary’s office of this corporation, observing that the fee of that officer shall be paid by him. Approved.

“(16) As the sacraments ought to be administered in observance of our religion, he obliged himself to pay three hundred dollars annually to the ecclesiastic who shall go there with the consent of the Excellent and Illustrious Archbishop of Cuba, to whom an official letter shall be sent for his information, and that such priest shall have the character of chaplain until hereafter a curate be provided in the manner prescribed by our laws. Agreed to.

“(17) He binds himself also to build a convenient house of boards and palm, to serve as a house for the chaplain, and to establish an oratory therein, it being also at his charge to provide it with sacred vessels, ornaments, bread, wax and wine. Approved.

“(18) A cemetery or burial place shall be made, he obliging himself to solicit from the respective Diocesan the necessary licenses. Approved, recommending that the cemetery remain always distant from the town, although its inhabitants increase, and be situated to leeward.

“(19) The town or government house, permanent church, the hospital and payment of the public officers are matters that shall



be tr  
as may offer revenue to  
for these necessities.  
the Lieutenant-Govern  
Sovereign, promising to  
to the royal Cedula of  
and seventeen. Approved, and this  
requisite to adopt whatever the goodness of th  
of that estimable class of people, the colonists  
teen years from the payment of tithes; and afterw  
and a half per cent., which is the fourth of the tithe;  
time they shall be exempt from the alcabala duty on the sa  
commercial effects, paying afterwards the two and an half p  
ever they shall ship in Spanish vessels bound to our Peninsula,  
be free, in conformity to the ninth and tenth articles of the said  
Agreed to.

“(22) The fifteen years shall begin to be computed from the date on which the colonist takes the oath of fidelity, of which act a copy shall be given to him to serve him as a credential, and they shall likewise be free from import duties on the provisions, clothing and effects that may be introduced for consumption and the exercise of industry and agriculture. Agreed to; it being conformable to what is directed in the said Royal Cedula, and in the settlement of Nuevitas.

“(23) There shall be granted to Don Andres Garr all the privileges and immunities that the laws of the Indies have provided in favor of founders of settlements, especially the civil and criminal jurisdiction in the first resort, agreeably to law 11, title 5, book 4 of the said code; and he shall make oath before his Excellency the Governor and Captain-General to exercise it with integrity, in the mildest manner, etc.

“*Resolution.*—It being expressly and without any exception prohibited in the said laws, that any foreigner introduce or establish himself in these kingdoms, it cannot be conformable to their letter nor to their spirit to confer any authority, much less in a seaport, upon a foreigner who has been scarcely two months naturalized in this island.

“(24) Suits for property not exceeding one hundred dollars,

and actions of slander shall be decided by the said Garr, as a justice of peace, without recourse to any other authority; but in other suits the legal forms shall be observed with two assisting witnesses for want of a notary, and appeals to the Audience of the territory, he consulting in matters of law, a lawyer of Baracoa, so long as no lawyer resides there.

*“Resolution.”*—The government will determine what is proper agreeably to our laws and the orders of the Sovereign.

“(25) The jurisdiction mentioned in the two preceding articles shall be transmitted upon his death to Don Andreas Garr, his first born son, and if the latter die without issue, it shall pass to the second, third or fourth born, and so of the others, provided the deceased leaves no legitimate sons, all which is conformable to the said law 11, tit. 5, book 4, of the Recopilacion of the Indies.

“The resolution upon the two preceding propositions was repeated.

“(26) The son who is to succeed him shall execute his functions in case of absence, sickness and other lawful cause, which he shall make appear by a notice that he shall give to that effect.

“The same resolution as before.

“(27) Although the foregoing propositions in no respect prejudice the rights that he has upon the Realengo known by the name of Gran Tierra de Moa, by transfer made to him by Don Peter Stephen Chazotte, as denouncer, he nevertheless made the timely reservation in order to prevent doubts. Agreed to.

“(28) The limits of the jurisdiction shall be fixed by the government as soon as a survey (plano) of the territory is made, and as Poblador he will in due season present a petition for the making of it, with citation of the neighboring towns (pueblos), and in the manner that the laws prescribe.

*“Resolution.”*—In its own time the government will make such order as it may deem convenient; this corporation repeating its desire that henceforth his Excellency recommend to some authority to exercise zeal and vigilance with respect to the operations and progress of any (unos) foreigners established on our coasts.

“Havana, sixth of August, one thousand eight hundred and thirty. A copy. Dr. Thomas Romay, Secretary.”



122 "After that was read a memorial presented by Doctor Don Joaquin Muñoz Izagurre, as attorney of the said Garr, in which after producing his power of attorney in due form, he states his agreement to each one of the articles or conditions annexed by the said Board of Population to the proposals that he made, and and pro

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for the term of six  
half a pound of beef daily,  
and the like quantity of  
at the least of plantains,  
the Government having

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Al letter of his Excellency the Count de Villa

Army, etc., of the twenty-third of August last, con

onsellor of the Royal Hacienda, who is of opinion that  
articles determined upon by the Board of Population, and  
nt of the rations, and their Excellencies have agreed

to the

the plan, it only remains to approve said articles in a formal  
act

and to issue the orders of commission and fulfilment in the appropriate terms, so that such an important undertaking may be forthwith carried into effect by means of the colonists, who are expected from Teneriffe, as Garr has promised without the smallest cost or burden to the Royal Hacienda, nor asking anything more than the protection of the authority; in which opinion his said Excellency the Intendant coincides, and bearing in mind was determined in the superior act of the twelfth of February one thousand eight hundred and eighteen, for the settlement of Nuevitas, and the Royal Cedula of the twenty-first of October one thousand eight hundred and seventeen, and the subsequent resolutions and decrees issued by the government concerning settlements, it was determined:

"(1st) To approve, as in fact it is hereby approved, the Act of the Board of Population above set forth, with all the conditions as expressed at the foot of each of the propositions, with the

intimation that in regard to the exemptions as well from tithes as from duties, the said Royal Cedula is to be strictly attended to.

“(2d) That attention is to be paid in the first place to the formation of the plan, that is to govern for the foundation of the town, with designation of its most convenient locality ; another, of the bay and port ; and, in due time, that of the one hundred caballerias of land ceded, bringing up them all for their approbation ; with the understanding that the streets are to be at least fifteen varas wide.

“(3d) That in consequence of all that has been approved, there shall be given by his Excellency the Superintendent General of the Royal Hacienda the suitable directions in regard to what belongs to that department.

“(4th) That his Excellency the President shall make the due communication to the Illustrious Archbishop of Cuba in relation to the tithes and other matters concerning his holy office.

“(5th) That an official letter enclosing a copy of this act shall be sent by his said Excellency the President, to the Governor of St. Jago de Cuba, to whom that district belongs, for his information and government, and to the Lieutenant-Governor of Baracoa as the nearest, that he may designate the functionary who is to represent him there, possessing the prudence and talents necessary to give impulse and a correct direction to the motions of Garr, or of whomsoever may represent him, with subjection to the orders of the said Lieutenant-Governor, who shall from time to time make reports to the superior authorities and to the said Governor of St. Jago de Cuba of all that may be done in future, recommending to him very specially the most exact performance and discharge of this important commission that is confided to his zeal.

“(6th) That likewise a copy of the act shall be communicated to his Excellency the Governor and Captain-General for what relates to him with regard to defense ; that an official letter shall also be written to his Excellency the Commandant-General of Marine for his due information, and, lastly, that information be given to Doctor Don Joaquin Muñoz Izagurre as Attorney of Don Andres Garr for his compliance and conformity, with which the

act was terminated which their Excellencies signed, together with me the undersigned Secretary.

"FRANCISCO DIONISIO VIVES,

"THE COUNT DE VILLANUEVA.

"ANTONIO MARIA DE LA TORRE Y CARDENAS,

"*Secretary.*

"I, the undersigned Translator, do certify the foregoing to be a faithful translation from its original in the Spanish language to which I refer.

"(Signed) MARIANO VELAZQUEZ DE LA CARDENA.

"NEW YORK, September 29, 1831."

It is to be regretted that a letter dated "The Manse, Kinloch Rannoch, Perthshire, Scotland, April 7, 1904," was received too late to be inserted in its proper place in this book.

To understand it, it will be necessary to read the following résumé taken from "Caithness Family History," by John Henderson, and "The St. Clairs of the Isles," by Roland William Sinclair:

The Rev. John Sinclair is the great-great-grandson of Donald Sinclair, who was the son of David Sinclair of Broynach.

"Alexander was the ninth Earl of Caithness. He married Lady Margaret Primrose, daughter of the Earl of Rosebery, and died in 1765, leaving an only child, Lady Dorothea, who married James, Earl of Fife, and died in 1819 without issue."—*From "Caithness Family History," by John Henderson.*

"Earl Alexander disinherited his daughter because he did not like his son-in-law (Lord Macduff, afterwards Earl of Fife), and the supposed heir having called (at Hemer Castle) and being kept waiting, his expressions of impatience were reported to Earl Alexander by the old earl's servant, and *the earl cut him off*. This alludes to an unfortunate man who could not obtain the title, though it was afterwards proved he had the right. He gave his

estates to his remotest relation of our surname, *because one of them was at school with him!* The beneficiary was thirty degrees off."

(Notes printed privately by Alexander Sinclair, of the Ulster family.)

Cf. "The St. Clairs of the Isles," by R. W. Sinclair.

In 1761 the earl (Alexander II) executed an entail of his estates, in virtue of which, on failure of his heirs therein mentioned, they passed to the Sinclairs of Stevenson, a family not related to that of Murkle. Earl Alexander resided at Hamer Castle, which, after his death, was allowed to fall into disrepair, and now no vestige of it remains.

Hamer seems to have been a square building, like a tower or fortalice, and to have contained some eight or nine rooms, including dining-room, drawing-room, tea-room, two "pavilions," a few bedrooms, with sundry closets, cellars, etc. From an inventory of the plate of the establishment, it would appear to have been on a very moderate scale, the earl having apparently possessed but a dozen and a half of silver spoons of all kinds, an old tea kettle and lamp, sugar tongs and spoon, a couple of small salvers, a tankard and some plated candlesticks and the like.

"On the death of Earl Alexander the male issue of John, the eighth earl, and of his father, Sir James Sinclair, and of his grandfather, James I of Murkle, became extinct, and the succession of the title devolved on William Sinclair of Rattar as the lineal descendant of Sir John Sinclair of Greenland and Rattar, third son of John, Master of Caithness, and a younger brother of James I of Murkle.

Sir James of Murkle had a son, David of Broynach, whose male descendants would have succeeded to the dignity in preference to the Greenland and Rattar branch, but his grandson, James, who claimed the title, failed to establish the legitimacy of his father, David, son of David Sinclair of Broynach, and William of Rattar was served heir male in November, 1768, and in May, 1772, the Committee of Privileges adjudged the title to him.

"This was the second instance in which a remote heir male had succeeded to this peerage to the exclusion of the heir of the line, for Lady Fife did not claim the title."—From "*Caithness Family History*," by John Henderson.

THE MANSE,  
KINLOCH RANNOCH,  
PERTHSHIRE, SCOTLAND, April 7, 1904.

*Mrs. A. W. Kelsey, Rauhala, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, U. S. A.*

DEAR MADAM:—I am favored with your interesting letter of the 25th ult., regarding your connection with the Sinclairs of Rattar, in the County of Caithness, in this country. William Sinclair of Rattar (sometimes spelt Ratter), after a litigation extending over seven years, succeeded in 1772 in getting himself declared to be the Earl of Caithness, but it has since been proved that he was in reality a Usurper of this dignity, to which my great-great-grandfather, Donald Sinclair, lawful son of David Sinclair, of Broynach, brother of Earl John, was entitled. Donald Sinclair's eldest lawful surviving son, William Sinclair, whose papers I possess, was my great-grandfather, and I am his lawful representative.

It is very interesting to know that William Sinclair of Rattar had a third son named James, who was your great-grandfather. In Burke's Peerage it is said that William married Barbara, dau. of John Sinclair of Scotscalder, and had: I John, his successor, II William, died in America unmarried; daughters I Isabella, II Janet, married James Trail of Ratter; and that said William, tenth earl, died in 1779. It would appear that John of Ratter, who succeeded his father, was a lieutenant-colonel in the army and served in the American war. His story is very tragic. He came home at his father's death, and of course assumed the title of Earl of Caithness. He courted a young heiress in England and won her love. The young lady's father, however, examined as to his estate, and Earl John, of course, said he was an Earl and inherited large domains, etc., but when the old man instituted a strict inquiry he found out that all the land he had was the remote and insignificant little estate of Ratter. The lady's father then severely upbraided his would-be son-in-law for hav-

ing misinformed him in this matter, and the poor Earl was so vexed that that evening he shot himself. This tragic tale does not appear in the Peerage books, but it was circumstantially related some years ago in the *Celtic Magazine*, and it is well known to be true.

But the story does not end with the suicide. The young lady took this dreadfully to heart, and solemnly vowed she never would get married to another. And when her father died and she succeeded to his fortune she went to live along with Isabella Sinclair, who, in default of a male heir, succeeded to the very small estate of Ratter. This English lady bought all the lands round about Ratter that came to the market and gifted it to her friend, and when both she and Isabella died, Sheriff James Trail and his family succeeded to the lands of Ratter and to all the money left by their benefactress.

Now you will probably ask, if William Sinclair of Ratter succeeded Earl Alexander as Earl of Caithness, why did he not succeed to the lands of Murkle as well? It is notorious that Earl Alexander willed away all his lands to the Sinclairs of Stevenson, who were thirty removes from him in relationship. But it has since been discovered that the old rascal and William had a compact between them in this matter. To secure the Stevensons in the lands of Murkle, Earl Alexander induced Ratter to contest the earldom by denying the legitimacy of David of Broynack's issue by his second wife, Janet Ewing. Mr. Oliphant, the schoolmaster and session clerk of Olig, was bribed to hide away the parish records, and they tried to get him to destroy them. But while he hid them away till the trial was over, and Ratter gained his case, he did not destroy them. These records exist to the present day, and are now a living and standing proof that William Sinclair of Ratter and his son John were Usurpers.

With reference to the earldom, Mr. Thomas Sinclair, M.A., has published these records (1) in the *Northern Ensign*, and (2) in a permanent form in "Caithness Events," a volume sold by Mr. W. Rae, publisher, Wick, Caithness, at one shilling per copy of the cheap edition. Of course, if ordered from America so much would be charged for expressage, or, as we call it, postage.



As you are so much interested in the Sinclairs of Ratter, I shall here briefly relate to you a curious story about William Sinclair of Ratter's grandfather, John Sinclair:

As you know, the general supposition was that James Graham, the famous Marquess of Montrose, was betrayed by Neil MacLeod, of Assynt, in Sutherlandshire, whose residence was called Ardvrack Castle. It was supposed that he got 400 bolls of oatmeal for delivering the great warrior into the hands of the Covenanters. This story made MacLeod very much hated among the Royalists, and when Charles II succeeded to the throne in 1660, John Sinclair of Ratter and Sir William Sinclair of Mey and Cadboll organized a raiding party who raided the Assynt country and drove away over 1,000 head of cattle as spoil.

Neil MacLeod complained to the authorities in Edinburgh, but he was only laughed at. Evidently, what Ratter and Mey had done was regarded then as an evidence of their loyalty. But the revolution of 1688 came, and shortly after it the complaint was renewed by Neil and he got redress.

John Sinclair of Ratter was ordained to pay £1,400 sterling, and Sir William of Mey an equal sum. Sir William gave up Cadboll in Rosshire to MacLeod in lieu of the money, but John Sinclair, dreading what was to come, had made over Ratter to his eldest son, and MacLeod's vengeance fell on himself personally. From 1700 to 1709 poor John Sinclair of Ratter was imprisoned in the Inverness Jail, and, some years ago, we were treated by Mr. Kenneth McDonald, solicitor and town clerk of Inverness, in a paper which he contributed to the *Celtic Magazine*, to harrowing details of the privations which your ancestor endured in prison during those tedious nine years, and if I recollect the story aright he died in prison. If you write Mr. Kenneth McDonald, I have no doubt he will be glad to furnish you with an interesting account derived from the records of the Burgh of poor John Sinclair's solitudes and sufferings for that unfortunate raid. He fared worse than Dr. Jameson did for his raid into the Transvaal. Jameson was certainly imprisoned for the raid, and so bad was the usage he received that he suffers from carbuncles till the present day. He lived for some months in Rannoch in 1901, but John Sinclair of Ratter died in prison!

If you can make out that your great-grandfather was a third son of William Sinclair of Ratter, who defeated my relations in law, I am sure I shall be very happy.

I remain, dear madame,

Yours very faithfully,

JOHN SINCLAIR.



It has given the writer of these pages interest and pleasure to separate the tangled skeins of evidence and weave them into shape where the record (fantastically embroidered, it is true) may serve to amuse her children and her children's children, as well as the other descendants of James Sinclair, into whose hands it may happen to fall.

Should the descendants (if such there be) of Henry Sinclair, who went more than sixty years ago to Buenos Ayres, South America, feel inclined to investigate their claims, "A Celebrated Case" might be the result. But there is no trace of Henry Sinclair. He and his are as completely buried and forgotten as, but for a woman's curiosity, would have been the name and history of his father.

JEANNETTE GARR WASHBURN KELSEY.

"RAUHALA," CHESTNUT HILL,  
PHILADELPHIA, October 8, 1903.



Two receipts which perhaps some will feel inclined to try on a future New Year's Day in remembrance of New York of long ago.

### EGG-NOG.

To make a gallon, which is enough for twenty-five people, you will require one dozen perfectly fresh eggs, three quarts of milk, one pint of cream whipped to a froth, half a gill of fine old Cognac brandy, one pound of sugar and nutmeg to flavor, and a pint of best old Jamaica rum.

Keep the whites and yolks of the eggs separate. Beat the yolks up with sugar until it is a froth, add then the brandy; next mix in the milk. Now take one pint of Jamaica rum and pour it in, then beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and stir in gently. Add last of all the whipped cream and the nutmeg. If the rum and brandy are not old and strong you will need to slightly increase the quantity.

Mix in a china bowl.

### NEW YEAR'S CAKES.

Take a half-pint, or tumblerful, of cold water and mix it with a half-pound of powdered white sugar. Sift three pounds of flour into a large pan and cut up in it a pound of butter; rub the butter very fine into the flour. Add a grated nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon with a wine-glass of rose water. Work in the sugar and make the whole into a stiff dough, adding, if necessary, a little cold water. Dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in just enough water to cover it, and mix it in the last. Take the lump of dough out of the pan and knead it on the paste-board till it becomes quite light. Then roll it out rather more than half an inch thick, and cut it into square cakes with a jagged iron, or a sharp knife. Stamp the surface of each with a cake print. Lay them in buttered pans and bake them of a light brown in a brisk oven. They will keep two or three weeks. In mixing the dough you may add three tablespoonfuls of caraway seeds.



The second letter from the Rev. John Sinclair, of Kinloch Rannoch, was received after this book left the press. It is, however, too interesting to be omitted even if it cannot be given the prominent place it deserves:

THE MANSE, KINLOCH RANNOCH,

PERTHSHIRE, SCOTLAND, 2d May, 1904.

*Dear Mrs. Kelsey :*

I duly received your last most interesting letter with impressions of your ancestor's fob seal, for which I thank you very much. Indeed, I thought your letter of so much importance when I read it that I sent it off to the *Northern Ensign*, the leading newspaper in Wick, the capital of Caithness. Along with yours I sent a letter to the Editor over my own name, in which I pointed out the importance of it on the supposition that you are able to establish by sufficient proofs the facts that you have stated, for you know of course that there are many things that are perfectly true which cannot be established as such to the satisfaction of a Court of law.

If you can give sufficient proofs of the existence of James Sinclair as your great-grandfather—and can prove his identity as the third son of William Sinclair of Ratter—then you will prove as an inevitable consequence, that on the supposition that William Sinclair was the true Earl of Caithness (which of course I deny), the Sinclairs of Mey, who became Earls, were for many years usurpers. But you will prove further that the present proprietor of the original *Ratter*—or the unaugmented Ratter—is a usurper; and that since succession to it goes also to females, it is some lawful descendant of James Sinclair that ought to be the proprietor or proprietrix. There is no doubt prescriptive right to land in Scotland; but this can be surmounted where it is proved that there is fraud, or that the right proprietor has not come forward and is found afterwards.

You were mistaken in speaking of an act of parliament as determining the Caithness title. No such thing. It was merely a decision of the House of Lords as the final Court of Appeal. Such a decision can be set aside or revised on the occasion of

what is called "Res noviter tenens in notitiam," or "some new matter arising."

I am pleased to learn that you have written Mr. Kenneth MacDonald, Town Clerk, Inverness, as he some years ago wrote an article in a magazine on John Sinclair of Ratter's imprisonment in that town. I am also pleased to learn you have sent for "Caithness Events." You might also send to the office for "Ensigns," with any letters on the Ratter question. My letter is sure to stir up much discussion. I remain, dear Mrs. Kelsey,

Your faithful servant,

JOHN SINCLAIR.

*Note from "Caithness Events," by Thomas Sinclair, M.A.*

"Earl Alexander's family pride was monstrous. Of Ratter, who had the position of a Caithness laird, he wrote that he was "of very remote kin to him, that he had but a very small estate, that he was a good deal in debt, that he had no education, and that he had never been in good company."

In the "Guide to Scotland" for 1899, edited by J. Watson Lyall, I find among "The Shootings of Scotland:"

"Rattar and Castlehill (Caithness-shire) is about 5 miles from Thurso, and the ground extends to 17,000 acres, yielding a fair bag of winged game. The snipe and wild fowl shooting is good and rabbit ferreting first-rate. There is good sea fishing with use of proprietor's boat. Castlehill House has six public-rooms, nine bedrooms, two dressing-rooms, etc. Good offices, supplies, doctors, etc., at Thurso. Post and telegraph office at Castletown, half a mile distant.

"ROUTE.—By rail to *Thurso*, thence drive 5 miles."

Name of Shooting.	Post Town.	Proprietor.
Rattar and Castlehill.	Castletown.	Mr. J. Christie Traill.



















































